THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

December, 1800.

MEMOIRS OF
THE LATE MRS. MONTAGU.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.*]

SO long as sound learning, polished manners, and genuine humanity, hold a place among the estimable qualities of our earthly existence, this Lady will continue to be remembered with respect by the British Nation.

Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu was the eldest daughter of Matthew Robinson, Esq. Representative in Parliament for the County of Kent, and was born in the year 1719, at Horton in that County. We know not how many children Mr. Robinson had besides our heroine; but one other daughter (Mrs. Scott) has distinguished herself in the Re-

* Some particulars of this Lady's life were given in our Museum for October, p. 304.

public of Letters, by the production of three novels of considerable merit:* one son was, some years since, Primate of Ireland, and another is the present Lord Rokeby.

Having lost her parents at an early age, Miss Robinson was placed under the care of the celebrated Dr. Conyers Middleton, who, we believe, was married to her maternal aunt. To the attentions of this learned gentleman she was indebted for that complete education which qualified her afterwards to maintain so distinguished a rank in the Literary World.

On the 5th of August, 1742, she married Edward Montagu, Esq. of Alterthorpe, Yorkshire, Member of Parliament for the Town of Huntingdon, who, dying about twenty-eight years since, left her in possession of an ample fortune.

Of Mrs. Montagu's early devotion to literature an anecdote has been related, that seems to exceed the bounds, not of possibility, perhaps, but certainly of probability: it was positively affirmed by the late Dr. Monsey, Physician of Chelsea College, who had been many years intimate with Dr. Middleton and Mrs. Montagu, that, at eight years of age, she had actually transcribed the whole of the Spectators!

In the year 1760, Lord Lyttelton published his "Dialogues of the Dead," of which the three last were the work of Mrs. Montagu, whose assistance His Lordship acknowledged in his Preface, with a just compliment: —— "The three last Dialogues are written by a different hand, as I am afraid would have appeared but too plainly to the reader, without my having told it. If the friend who favoured me with them should write any more, I shall think the public owes me a great obligation, for having excited a genius so capable of uniting delight with instruction, and giving to knowledge and virtue those graces which the wit

* Millennium Hall, Sir George Ellison, and Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigne.

of

of the age has too often employed all its skill to bestow upon folly and vice."---His Lordship was her particular friend, and, had he been free from the connubial engagement, would, it is said, have offered her his hand and fortune.

Her talents and knowledge introduced Mrs. Montagu to the acquaintance of the famous Earl of Bath (Pulteney), whom she accompanied, with his Lady and Mrs. Carter (the Translator of Epictetus), on a Tour through Germany, &c.; during which Mrs. Montagu corresponded with some of the first literary characters of the country. While she was at Paris, the cynical Voltaire vented his spleen against Shakspeare with much violence, and, among other illiberal remarks, published the following:——"*C'est moi qui autrefois parlai le premier de ce Shakespeare: c'est moi qui le premier montrai aux Francois quelques perles que j'avois trouvé dans son enorme* fumier."--Our fair countrywoman immediately replied (alluding to the various plagiarisms which Voltaire had made from the very works which he thus attempted to degrade):——"*C'est un fumier qui a fertilizé une terre bien ingrate.*"---This anecdote, which shews remarkable promptitude and wit, was circulated with the utmost rapidity through the literary circles of Paris, to the confusion of the Critic.

In 1770, she published her principal work, entitled, "An Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare, compared with the Greek and French Dramatic Poets; with some Remarks upon the Misrepresentations of Monsieur de Voltaire."*---This production must ever rank among the best vindications of the Sweet Swan of Avon from the charges of hypercritics, and will continue an honourable memento of the learning, taste, and genius of its Author.

* To the Fourth Edition of this Essay, her three Dialogues of the Dead were appended.

We have before said, that Mrs. Montagu maintained an epistolary correspondence with many of the most distinguished literati; it will not, therefore, be wondered at, that her house in Portman Square should be the resort of genius and learning. Johnson, Gibbon, Burke, and many other characters of equal celebrity in their day, were accustomed to meet there, and enjoy the true "feast of reason:" indeed, it has been said, that, to the friendly zeal of Mrs. Montagu, the eloquent Edmund Burke was indebted for his first introduction to the higher circles. The *Blue Stocking Club*, also, is said to have been instituted by Mrs. Montagu and Miss Hannah More.

One of the strongest traits in Mrs. Montagu's private character was a disposition to deeds of benevolence, whether required for the protection of genius, or the relief of humbler objects of distress. Her annual bounty and hospitality to the *Sooty tribe*, most of our Readers must have read of, or seen; as a mere act of grace to an oppressed, and generally unhappy, race of beings, this festival may claim sufficient praise, though the vulgar report should prove a vulgar error, which stated the ceremony to have originated in the recovery of a lost child of Mrs. M.'s, who had been discovered among the sable brotherhood of Chimney-sweepers.

Mrs. Montagu died on the 25th of August, 1800, at the age of eighty-one, and was buried at Winchester, whither she had ordered to be conveyed for interment near her, the remains of her infant son John Montagu, buried, at the age of fifteen months, at Barraster, in Yorkshire. Her nephew inherits the bulk of her fortune, which is estimated, by rumour, at ten thousand pounds a year.

THE

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXX.

The Morning Ramble of FASHION AND SOBER.

The gifts of Fortune in a good man's power,
Are but Misfortune's sure and settled dower. ANON.

Madam,

IT is not the possession of wealth, but its application, that renders it creditable to ourselves, or beneficial to society. The same fortune, according as it is well or ill distributed, may either fructify and cheer, like the gentle flowing stream, or carry desolation and ruin in its course, like the impetuous torrent. A trifling sum judiciously laid out, may do more good than a talent misapplied. This may afford consolation to those who are not blessed with affluence, though they feel the disposition to be charitable; and it may check the vain folly of such as place their felicity in wasteful dissipation or criminal indulgence.

Though the incidents that will be brought forward to illustrate these positions, on the present occasion, refer to Gentlemen, with such variations as any one's own reason may suggest, they will be equally applicable to the Ladies. By exhibiting the characters of two of the hardier sex, however, the OLD WOMAN will avoid the imputation of having a partial eye to the failings of her own; and yet, perhaps, open the hearts of her Female Readers to a due appreciation of character and conduct in themselves.

"Lead the horses forward," said a dashing young fellow, whom we shall name Mr. Fashion, to his servant.—— "I shall be at Piccadilly gate in less than an hour."--- The servant immediately mounted his own nag, and led the other, while the master took a lounge in Bond Street.

After staring twenty ladies of virtue out of countenance, and laughing with as many demireps, Mr. Fashion entered a fruit shop in St. James's Street, ate some oranges and peaches, yawned repeatedly, and complained of *ennui*.---- Then sat silent---pinched the tale of a kitten---smiled at his frolic---with amazing effort uttered *How d'ye do* to at least a dozen acquaintances who entered the shop--- set his watch by St. James's dial---damned the dulness of the morning:---and, in order to dissipate reflection, resolved to visit Brookes's.

In the club-room there was only one solitary member; but, as he had entered, he was determined to lose or win. They went to play——Fortune was unpropitious:---he lost fifty guineas in five minutes; then tossed up for double or quits:——lost again---coolly paid down his hundred yellow boys---swore an oath or two, and affirmed, on his soul, that luck always went against him when the wind blew from the east.

As he was sallying into the street, he met Mr. Sober, with whom he had a general acquaintance.——"Will you ride this morning?"——"No;---I have an engagement," said Sober.——"An assignation, I presume. You grave fellows are as wicked, though more cautious than we are." ——"Perhaps you are right---I have, indeed, an assignation, and with a sweet creature, too.——Will you visit her with me, Mr. Fashion?"——"Pretty enough to introduce me to your mistress!---but, *allons!*"

Sober carelessly linked his arm with that of Fashion, and they proceeded towards Charing Cross. Here the former called a coach, and, having ordered where to drive, the gentlemen took their seats.

"A strange place you are going to!" said Fashion; "but, I suppose, you study economy in lodging and keeping your favourite?"

"Yes!--Faith, I cannot complain that the lady is extravagant," replied Sober. "She has cost me but two guineas a week ever since I took her under my protection!"

"What

"What a lucky dog you are!" said Fashion.——"I wonder where you could pick up such a moderate dulcinea!"

"Oh!---they may be found in every lane and alley in London," answered Sober. "You have only to open your heart, and use your eyes."

Their conversation was now interrupted by the coachman stopping at a mean house in a dirty street. Sober led his companion up two pair of stairs, and then tapped gently at a door. A little girl, beautiful as an angel, opened it. When she saw Sober, her fine blue eyes were animated with the sweetest smile of delight.——"Ah!" said she, in joyous accents, "how happy mamma will be to see you!"——Sober silently grasped her hand, and, followed by Fashion, entered the apartment.

A beauteous spectre sat in an arm-chair, leaning on a small table, and, at the approach of her visitors, attempted to rise. Sober requested they might not disturb her, and, without ceremony, sat down by her side, though his air and manner were expressive of the most delicate respect. Fashion was confounded at the scene, and glad to sit down to recover himself on the side of a little bed.

"How do you feel yourself, Madam?" said Sober.

"Oh! better, Sir---considerably better. Something has happened, since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, that will lengthen the span of my life a few days, at least.

"Many days, and many years, I hope!" rejoined Sober.——"But, pray, shall I have the happiness of hearing this favourable event?"

"You are justly entitled to more than this," said the pale, but still lovely female. "But I will not weary you with my gratitude. My husband's relatives, at last, relent; they begin to think that my sufferings have been sufficient; they even invite me into the country, that I may expire under their eyes; and have promised to provide for my dear unfortunate child!——"Oh! my Fanny!" clasping

ing the girl to her heart, "if you are safe, I die content. When I have put you into the hands of your natural guardians, I shall have no more to ask of Heaven, but to breathe a prayer for your welfare. Remember, however, that it was this gentleman who saved you from the grave. ——When your poor starving mother————."

She would have proceeded further, but Sober stopped her, and, with a gaiety called up by the finest feelings, offered his congratulations on the change of her prospects; kindly enquired when she intended to set out; and if he could have the happiness to render her journey more agreeable by any accommodation in his power.

"Ah! Sir," replied she, "I must not trespass further on your goodness. Your generous cares for me are now at an end.——See," presenting a bank note, "what they have sent me!---and, moreover, the rector of the parish is in town, and will take us under his care: he calls to fetch us to-morrow, in a post-chaise.——But, oh! Sir, while my mind can conceive a prayer, or my voice articulate one, you will be its object. I cannot forget————."

"Stop, my dear Madam!" said Sober. "Your feelings overvalue those acts of duty which I have been happy enough to find an opportunity of performing. Believe me, I feel the obligation to be *all* on my side; and, amongst my happiest hours, I shall always account that which made me known to you.——You have now some preparations to make for the morning, and I will, therefore, shorten my visit; but I shall wait on you before the hour of your departure, and bid you and your sweet daughter adieu!"

He bowed to the mother, and, kissing Fanny, left the apartment, followed by the half-petrified Fashion, whose eyes were the only organs of speech he had found since they entered it. *They*, indeed, had very volubly expressed curiosity, wonder, and a sort of half-uneasiness, as though he felt himself taken in. The frolic was not of *his* sort.

After they had walked about ten yards, he exclaimed, ——"Why, what the devil is all this, Sober?"

"Why, as the devil would have it," replied the other, "the amiable creature you have seen made what is called a love-match; that is, tempted by the brilliancy of the adventure, she left her guardian's one dark night, and went into a post chaise with a cockaded young fellow, who had sworn that she was the prettiest girl he had seen since he served in America, where he had been desperately in love with a young lady, her very counterpart. They returned, full of spirits, from Gretna Green, and, in about seven months, received her fortune, on the day the law pronounced her to be discreet and wise: the fortune was no more than two thousand pounds, and our married couple were persons of taste. The youth's relations, having provided him an old woman with twenty thousand, thought the election which he had made a very silly one, and refused to have any communication with him. The youth began to take up the same opinion, and treated his wife with neglect and brutality. He had, at length, the kindness to relieve her from his persecutions, by quitting England; leaving her independent, with only a few pounds in her possession. The poor girl, then a mother, applied to her relations: they were, at first, kind; then civil; then cold; then rude; and, finally, hoped to be troubled with her no more; advised her to send the child to the parish, and to take in needle-work.——In the last article she obeyed them, and, by unremitting industry, and the most exact frugality, supported herself and infant for four years! But the constant attrition of grief, at length, subdued her constitution, and a rapid decline ensued. Her landlady having observed that the sewing business was at an end, and having received no money for several weeks, thought such idle husseys a disgrace to her house, and ought to be made an example of. She accordingly sent for a bailiff, who, as he found his prisoner in bed, was so humane as to let her put her clothes on; then, taking her arm, helped her down stairs, pale and speechless, followed by the shrieking Fanny.---At this instant I happened to pass the door:

door: it is not necessary to add what ensued. As I found her too ill to be removed, I was obliged to suffer her to return to the beldam's apartment. Having, in repeated visits, learned her story, and the name of her husband's friends, I wrote to my sister, whose country-house is, happily, in the neighbourhood. She represented the distresses and the merits of the amiable sufferer, and had influence with them, being *a lady* (for they are mean, though rich), to prevail that she might be received as the wife of their kinsman. An uncle said, *If she was a sober body* she should not want encouragement; and a maiden aunt, That girls ought not to be countenanced to run away with young fellows; but that, if she was really dying, she might come down, and, if she behaved well, should have the honour of being buried in the family-vault. It is in consequence of my application, of which she was not apprized, that these good people have sent for her; and, I am persuaded, when her mind is at peace, she will have a chance to send Aunt Grissel to the family-vault before her. You now know all that I can tell you, in answer to your—— *What the devil is all this?*"

Fashion remained silent; he began to feel that there were other methods to get rid of superfluous money in a morning, besides gambling; and that rides in the Park might, now and then, be intersected with a walk to the distressed. But, just afterwards, he began to gape; thought all such melancholy subjects ought to be avoided---they were absolutely hurtful to the spirits---how could a man enjoy life who was perpetually poking into scenes of distress;---and then, really, one's health————. At that thought he suddenly turned away, with a——" Good morning to you."

" Hold!" said Sober: " I have a person, a few doors off, on whom I must call; and, as you began the circle of my morning's amusements————."

" My horses are waiting," said Fashion.

" So

"So are mine," rejoined Sober; "and, as I dine some miles out of town, I shall not detain you long."

At this instant he knocked at the door of a house, whose external appearance indicated the abode of wretchedness: it was the counterpart of what they had left.

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY,

Respecting the Submersion of Swallows.

[By an American Gentleman of respectable Character and unimpeached Veracity; in a letter to a Friend.]

ON the afternoon of the 24th of August, 1798, I was sitting in my parlour, which looks towards the North river,* about fifty feet from the bank, in company with our mutual friend Mr. Jacob Sebor. Our attention was attracted by numerous flights of birds, which appeared to come across the town from the eastward, and descend immediately into the river. So singular an appearance excited our particular observation. We went out, and stood close to the bank, and then perceived that what we at first imagined to be blackbirds, were actually swallows; and that as soon as the various flocks had cleared the houses, and got directly over the river, they plunged into the water, and disappeared. This was not confined to the vicinity of the place where we stood, but was the case as far as the eye could reach, up and down the river, and con-

* The house of Mr. Pollock is situated near the margin of the Hudson, about two hundred yards from the battery. The river is about a mile and a half wide, and from 7 to 9 fathoms deep, and runs with a strong and rapid tide. The Barn Swallow, Chimney Swallow, Sand or Bank Martin, and Purple Martin, all frequent and build their habitations in this city and its neighbourhood.

tinued without cessation for nearly two hours, when the closing of the evening prevented our farther observation.

Aware of the importance of affording any additional information on this long-disputed question in the natural history of the swallow, I procured a telescope, and watched attentively many of the flocks from their first appearance until their immersion, continuing my eye fixed upon the spot long enough to be fully convinced that not one of the birds returned to the surface again. Indeed, one flock of about two hundred birds plunged into the water within thirty yards of us, and instantly disappeared, without the least appearance of opposition that might be expected to arise from their natural buoyancy; and, at the same time, the evening was so serene, and the river so unruffled, that no deception of our sight could possibly have occurred.

When the birds first came in view, after crossing the town, their flight was easy and natural; but when they descended near to the water, they appeared much agitated and distressed, flying in a confused manner against each other, as if the love of life, common to all animals, impelled them to revolt against this law of Nature imposed upon their species.

As some time has elapsed since the above facts occurred, I thought it proper, before I gave you Mr. Sebor's name as having been a witness to them, to consult his recollection on the subject; and I have pleasure in assuring you, that he distinctly remembers every circumstance I have recited, and of which I made a memorandum at the time.

It may be worthy of remark, that, as far as my observation went, the swallows totally disappeared on the 24th of August, 1798; for during the remainder of that year I did not see one.

H. POLLOCK.

New York, 18th July, 1800.

The

The Caſtle De Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

[Concluded from page 359.]

CHAP. XVII.

——————— Love's a gen'rous passion,
Which seeks the happiness of those we love
Beyond th' enjoyment of our own desires:
Nor kings, nor parents, here have ought to do:
Let them stand neuter. LEE.

DE LACY experienced the greatest happiness in the felicitous contemplation of his family; Matilda carefully concealing from him, as much as possible, every thing that might tend to make him uneasy: nor was Raymond regarded by him with indifference; the virtues of that youth were enumerated by Matilda, and the friendship he felt for the father was extended with the warmest cordiality to the son. Neither was he without his secret wishes to effect a marriage between him and Constantia, though pity for Olivia withheld him from expressing such sentiments.

Determined at once to learn the decision of his fate, Raymond exerted his utmost resolution, and made formal proposals to Olivia, who hesitated not to accept them, deferring only her positive consent till the arrival of Lord Russel with her father's answer. Raymond, who had formed great expectations of her rejecting him, returned more than ever prejudiced against her, and his heart reproached her with narrowness and self-gratification.

"Surely," thought he, "this selfish girl, had she a spark of generosity, would have refused a hand which she must have seen to be reluctantly tendered."

In spite of his efforts to appear contented, he gave himself up to melancholy; frequent sighs burst from his agonized bosom; he lost his appetite, and the bloom of health gradually

dually disappeared. Lady Barome, who saw the painful conflict which he endured, with sorrow hastened their return to their own chateau, thinking that absence from Constantia would lead him to banish her image from his memory. He took a kind and respectful leave of his bride-elect, and, slightly saluting Constantia, hastened into the carriage which waited to convey him with his parents from the hospitable Castle.

This departure cast a heavy gloom over all its inhabitants. De Lacy and Matilda saw the sufferings of their child with heart-felt commiseration; and Olivia had never appeared in a less amiable light than she now did, whilst apparently enjoying her own prospects of happiness, which she could not but know must be founded upon the misery of her friend and benefactress. Her presence threw a restraint upon them all, and almost made them encourage pleasure at the thought of her departure.

A short time produced the looked-for event: Lord Russel arrived, with a tender letter from her father, in which he lamented his own inhumanity, that had drawn her into dangers he must ever deplore; and informed her, that the generous bearer had, through his interest with their young Sovereign, caused a restitution to be made to him of all his attainted lands; that he was reinstated in all his splendid possessions: and, also, that he had been fully convinced of the unworthiness of Victoria, who was since married against his approbation; and of his injustice to Olivia, whom he waited impatiently to behold and bless; and that her brother was returned, and longed to embrace her.

Lord Russel was thanked with the warmest marks of gratitude by Olivia for his kind interference, who declined receiving any praise; declaring, that he had not been altogether so disinterested as she might imagine. He then, in the most passionate and delicate manner, professed the strongest affection for her, and made her an offer of his heart and fortune.

Olivia

Olivia was much embarrassed: she tremblingly informed him, that he must ever be entitled to her friendship; but the present situation of affairs rendered it impossible to give him any farther encouragement; politely she declined his offers; and concluded with assuring him, how much she was impressed with a sense of his goodness.

Chagrined, and unhappy, Russel was about to withdraw; when, after a considerable pause, Olivia called him back.

——" Stay, my Lord———I have too much reliance upon your honour to believe that my late candid avowal will lessen me in your esteem. It is still in your power to do me a piece of service, and I doubt not of your readiness to oblige me. My father's residence is not much out of the way——if you will be the bearer of another petition to him, I shall be thankful to you for it."

Pre-sentiment told him, that it was to prefer the suit of a favoured rival: he, however, suppressed his mortification, and assured her of his readiness to do whatever she desired.

Constantia, too, guessed the purport of the intended commission——Nature could not endure the conflict, and she fell senseless on the floor. Olivia started from her seat, and, grasping the cold hand of her friend, cried—

" Oh! Heaven!—what has my rashness done!"

" Cruel girl!" exclaimed Matilda, raising her child in her arms——" Could you not for a short time restrain your insidious triumph!——You have intentionally destroyed my Constantia!"

" Oh! do not reproach me!" cried Olivia. " Indeed, dear Madam, I meant not to distress her."

" Olivia," said De Lacy, with a serious aspect, " I believe you do not design it; but, be more prudent——be cautious how you act, and have some consideration for our poor, ill-fated child!"

Tears streamed down the cheeks of Olivia.

——" Heaven is my witness," she replied, " that I would die to preserve the life of my friend!"

Matilda, no longer able to bear the scene, quitted the room with Constantia, when De Lacy resumed——

"How can you say so!——You know that the letter with which you designed to trouble Lord Russel was concerning your intended nuptials."

"It was, indeed!" replied Olivia, with a deep sigh—while, as if in contradiction, a faint smile stole across her features.

Russel rose in agitation, and quitted the room.

——"Unhappy, ill-fated nuptials!" exclaimed De Lacy.

He was proceeding to utter some bitter invective, when, catching his hand with an air of desperation, she cried—

"Oh!——do not drive me mad with your bitter wishes ——Believe me, I am not so happy as you think. Could you but surmize the cause of my acting thus, you would not so opprobriously condemn me. I have now advanced too far to recede, were other circumstances to admit of it—— Unhappily they do not—Time alone can soften the rigour of our fate; till when you must submit to abide in ignorance of the mystery which involves my conduct."

Saying this, she quitted the room with an air of insulted dignity which astonished De Lacy, who sought his Lady, and imparted to her the conversation he had just then had with Olivia.

"Poor girl!" said Matilda pathetically——"she may not, perhaps, be so culpable as we suppose; and she may, as she protests, be swayed by motives of which we are ignorant. She must, I know, be unhappy, let her pursue what course she will."

Russel had, meanwhile, impatiently waited an opportunity of speaking to Olivia; he therefore stopped her as she ascended the stairs, and said, with all the impetuosity of a mortified lover——

"Was it for this, Olivia, that you entreated my aid, to humble my aspiring hopes by this total defeat! But, trust me, Madam," said he more haughtily, "I shall no longer meanly

meanly cringe for that favour which is so lightly bestowed, where neither feeling nor justice can render it excusable; nor shall you triumph in my crest-fallen appearance.—— This night I quit the Castle, never to return."

"My Lord," said Olivia, laying her hand upon his arm with earnestness, "hear what I have to say: judge me not rashly, I conjure you. I never wished or attempted to deceive you with fallacious hopes. The unfortunate state of my heart is but too well known to all here. My warmest esteem and sincerest friendship shall ever be your's ——more, at present, I cannot bestow. Yet, if you have still any regard for me, fulfil the promise you made me this morning. You know not how much depends upon it: ——nay, further, I entreat you to return yourself with the answer——it is essentially requisite, for the happiness of my friends, and particularly that of Raymond."

Her voice failed as she pronounced his name.

"Very well, Madam," replied Russel, almost choaking with anger——"I understand you perfectly——If your father should refuse his consent to confirm your choice, you may, in commiseration for my sufferings, confer that hand upon Russel!——But——no, Madam!—— upon such terms, even that despised outcast would not accept it!"

——"Nor ever shall!" replied Olivia, her eyes sparkling with resentment. "Lord Russel, you may, perhaps, repent this. Notwithstanding, I shall to-morrow claim your promise. You are then at liberty——Adieu——You cannot now retract."

She then sprung from him towards her own apartment, and, entering the door, left him to descend the stairs with the contending passions of grief, love, and revenge.

CHAP. XVIII.

Thus Virtue can itself advance
To what the fav'rite sons of Chance
By Fortune seem'd design'd:
Virtue can gain the odds of Fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
Upon th' unworthy mind. PARNEL.

DURING the absence of Lord Russel, who failed not to fulfil her request, Olivia seemed thoughtful and uneasy; but the presence of Constantia had always the power to dispel her melancholy, and she behaved to her with more tenderness than ever. She had received several letters from Raymond, written in a style of Platonic affection. She always gave them to Matilda, to read; and, when they were returned to her, sighed deeply, placed them in her pocket-book, and surveyed Constantia, if present, with scrutinizing attention.

The return of Lord Russel decided, at once, their hopes and fears. He delivered the Baron's letter to Olivia with a trembling hand and looks of hauteur, which ill agreed.—She received it with no less agitation, and eagerly broke the seal. As she read, her lips quivered; her cheeks assumed a pallid hue; and she could scarcely support herself from falling. Russel held his arm round her with tender concern; when, clasping her hands together, tears came to her relief, and she exclaimed——

"All is well!"

Constantia felt very faint, and instantly, attended by Russel, quitted the room. Olivia, turning to Matilda, said——

"I entreat you, my dear benefactress, be not distressed ——My father has, I own, complied with my request:—The sooner, therefore, we conclude this disagreeable and distressing affair, the better for all parties. Oblige me, therefore, by acquainting Raymond with the event. Propriety will, of course, induce him to hasten hither. I would

would wish the intermediate time to pass as privately as possible, if you will dispense with my meeting at the accustomed times with your family. You will also oblige me much, by detaining Lord Russel, to whom I have something of importance to communicate in a day or two."

She then held her handkerchief to her face, and, pressing the hand of Matilda in silence, withdrew.

Constantia re-entered, and, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, wept on her bosom.

"Suppress your sorrows, my dear child," said Matilda, with forced composure: "bear your disappointment with patience. It is my pleasure that you be present at the marriage ceremony; therefore exert yourself. Consider how much you, by this appearance of grief, distress the already afflicted Raymond! Exert yourself, therefore, my dear girl, and conquer this unhappy weakness."

"I will, my best of mothers," said Constantia—"I will conquer this stubborn heart; and you shall see me all your fondest wishes can desire."

The entrance of Lord Russel now put an end to the conversation, when he promised obedience to Olivia's desire.—The conversation then became general, though not lively; and they separated at an early hour.

The following morning the expected party arrived at the Castle. Sir William and his Lady entered, followed by Raymond. All eyes were instantly struck with his altered person, which was now worn by internal anxiety to a mere object. He flew to the arms of Matilda, called her his mother, and could no longer restrain his sobs, which burst forth on her maternal bosom. He embraced Russel, but turned from Constantia with a look which declared how incapable he was of supporting the interview. He then, in an almost inarticulate voice, enquired for Olivia, and a servant was accordingly sent to desire her presence. She entered with a stately but composed air. At the first glimpse of Raymond's emaciated figure she started; but, recovering herself, paid her respects to them in an easy, careless manner;

manner; and, taking a letter from her pocket, blushed deeply.

——" This letter," said she, turning to Raymond, who fixed his eyes on the ground, " so nearly concerns us, that I thought it proper we should all be present at the reading of it. To you, Lord Russel, I assign the task: once more oblige me, by perusing it. You, I believe, are the most indifferent of the party."

She held it out to him——he took it from her, surprize and disdain painted in his eyes.

——" Olivia!——what mean you? Do you design to turn me into ridicule?"

She smiled.

——" Well, well, my Lord——I perceive you are incorrigible. However, I can punish you——Since you will not read it, I must."

Then turning to the party, who stood astonished at her trifling, she continued——

" In this letter my father gives his consent to my marrying———provided he chuses to accept me———Lord Russel."

Every one uttered an exclamation of surprize; and Lord Russel, catching the letter which fell from her hands, kissed it with transport: and, perceiving the trick she had played him, prostrated himself at her feet with the most rapturous acknowledgments.

——" Stay, stay, my Lord," said she, raising him—" I have yet much to say——restrain these transports, and attend." Then, turning to Constantia, she resumed—" You well know, my dear friend, that I was always acquainted with the most secret sentiments of your soul——Could you, then, suppose me, for an instant, capable of doing you a premeditated injury?——or, could you think I would meanly accept the hand of a man, whose heart was, I know, devoted to you—and was to me but the offering of compassion?——Ah! no!——you yet knew not Olivia——For my friend, I would resign much——and

for

for the happiness of those I love, I would relinquish my own. I, however, determined to punish you for your suspicions, by concealing from you, for some time, my real intentions; knowing that the pleasure of a general understanding would fully compensate for the misery of past suspense. I now entreat pardon for the pain I have caused to you all."

Then taking the willing hands of Raymond and Constantia, she joined them. Tears of rapture started from her eyes.

"Now, my dear friends," said she, "may you be as happy as you deserve."

"Generous friend!" cried Constantia, embracing her —"this is too much!—You sacrifice your own happiness for mine!"

"Hush!" cried Olivia, putting her hand on her mouth ——"you pay me a very ill compliment, by supposing I am not happy in witnessing your felicity." Then, addressing Russel, she resumed——"Now, my Lord, a few words with you. I have of late received convincing proofs of your worth, and regard for me, though unmerited: if, therefore, after what you have witnessed, as well as heard me declare, you are willing to accept my hand, it is your's. And I think," added she, smiling, "that, in a little time, respect and esteem will ensure you a reclaimed heart, not altogether unworthy your acceptance."

"Fully sensible of the value of the gift, I receive it with joy," cried the astonished and delighted Russel. "This last proof of your worth endears you more than ever to that heart, of which you have long been the dearest object; and I shall restore you to your fond father, as a daughter worthy of his tenderest love; and shall receive you from his hands as the dearest gift he could bestow."

De Lacy and Matilda were not less delighted than Sir William and Lady Barome: by turns they embraced the noble-minded Olivia, and bestowed the most lavish encomiums on her conduct; fervently praying that she might

be

be as happy with Russel as she had rendered her friend.—Olivia, proud of their approbation, seemed wholly to have overcome her former prepossession, and behaved to Raymond as to an esteemed brother; and hinted a wish that their marriages might take place together. This was accordingly agreed upon, and preparations were made for their celebration, which was to take place after she had had an interview with the Baron, whose presence was requested at the Castle, to witness the happy nuptials of Raymond and Constantia.

All being finally adjusted, Olivia took leave of her friends, assuring them of a speedy return; and, attended by her devoted Russel, returned to the Baron St. Welham. Her reception was such as her most sanguine wishes could expect. All past offences were buried in oblivion, and nothing thought of but happiness. Agreeably to the proposed plan, they all returned to Warrenne Castle, and the marriage ceremony was conducted with the utmost magnificence. After a fortnight spent in rejoicing, Lord and Lady Russel took a tender leave of their friends, and returned with the Baron to St. Welham Abbey.

De Lacy and Matilda, happy in each other, and in the fair prospect of their children, repaired to their estate in Cornwall; a spot ever dear to her, from the circumstance of her first interview with Valtimond.

Sir William and Lady Barome retired to their own chateau, leaving the Castle De Warrenne to their son and newly-made daughter, who, conscious of the virtues of their respective parents, looked up to them for the regulation of all their actions. The friends, though thus perversely divided, kept up a constant intercourse by letter.

De Lacy, with some exertions, obtained the reversion of the title of Earl of Surry for Raymond, with the addition of its considerable revenues; in whom the augmentation of wealth and title could work no essential change: he was already possessed of merit of the most exalted nature;

ture; filial piety and conjugal affection no less distinguishing his mind, than Nature had endowed his person with attraction: and the reward he obtained he gained by Virtue.

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

NO. I.

From Tabby Hall, Sept. 29, 1800.

THE rapid transition which we have just experienced from a lovely summer to autumnal gloom, has produced in my mind a train of serious reflections. The winter of my life seems, with that of the season, to be hastily approaching, and with my books and pen I strive to dispel the cheerless ideas which such a prospect must obtrude upon my imagination; happy to enjoy such resources, of which too many are unhappily deprived.

A residence in the country is generally lamented, as affording little amusement or enjoyment; yet I have always found, even in this secluded spot, objects which continually afforded me entertainment and improvement. I have the vanity to say, that I am not naturally censorious; but where conspicuous follies attract observation, the publication of them may be more advantageous than otherwise; and with this expectation only do I employ my time in depicting the foibles of my neighbours. I cannot but confess, I associate with many, for whom I have not the smallest regard; for politeness often obliges us to conform to a line of acting contrary to our inclination: it is, nevertheless, necessary for mankind to pay those reciprocal courtesies to each other for the preservation of society, as mutual advantages may be derived from the intercourse. I once thought differently, but the errors of conduct, by which I suffered, have taught me to make proper allowances for the weaknesses of others, and to consider their absurd-

absurdities or vices but as beacons to guard me from the dangerous coast.

The youngest, and only surviving child, out of seven, I was caressed by my father, doated upon by my mother, and admired by every visitor, as a prodigy of beauty and wit; for in my earliest years I possessed a talent of repartee that seemed surprizing. Too much flattered to be humble, and too much loved by my parents to be spared from their sight, genius was left to work its way without education; and the consequence was, that I grew up---pert, vain, and self-willed, yet possessing faculties, which, if properly directed and improved, might have afforded advantage to myself, and satisfaction to my friends.---Beauty, fickle jade! proved faithless, and vanished at the sight of the small-pox; and my father was not backward in consoling me for the loss by the most flattering encomiums upon my talents.

Misapplied abilities are often productive of the greatest mischief, and too frequently prove injurious to the possessor:---this was really my case. I read too much of Love not to feel, or imagine I felt, its influence at an early age; and I experienced the most severe mortification to find the men in general shun me with vigilance; while illiterate girls, who could make a shirt and a pudding, were caressed, courted, and married. I could do these, also; yet I was neglected by the men, and abused or deceived by the women. My mother, who saw her error, told me, one day, that it was not my *abilities*, but my *consciousness* of them, that created the unpleasant situations which I lamented, and I have little reason to doubt the truth of her observation; yet I have severe cause to lament her want of caution in the early part of my life.——"Dear parents! you lived not to see the whole of the evils your mistaken indulgence brought upon me!"

A serious attachment was at length formed between me and a young man of respectable connexions, and tolerable expectations: I loved him with sincerity, and had little reason

reason to doubt his truth. His heart was interested in my welfare, and he admonished me with the tenderness, the sincerity of a brother. Too proud to acknowledge the conviction, I felt I trifled coquetishly with his feelings, till they were wound up to the highest pitch of irritation; and the toleration which I expected from him I was incapable of affording. His remonstrances were answered by reproaches, till my incorrigible vanity and ill-temper weakened the strong hold I had taken in his heart. In one point only was I right——that affection which I had not merit sufficient to retain, I would never meanly nor hypocritically solicit. Walford left me, entered the army, and the fate of battle deprived me at once of happiness and hope, by taking the life of one, whose memory I must ever cherish with the fondest regret!

What I felt at the time I will not attempt to relate; the romantic bombast of description accords badly with our natural feelings: suffice it, that an entire revolution of my conduct and ideas was occasioned by this melancholy event. The death of my father, soon after, left me independent in respect to pecuniary concerns; and my hand was solicited by a young man, who wanted not worth to recommend him. He knew the state of my mind at the time, but I could not repay his generosity so badly, as to accept him while my heart was estranged.——Celibacy is my destination. I have retired from the metropolis, and with the daughter of an elder sister, who has been, from her fifth month, an orphan, reside in a comfortable little mansion, which I have denominated Tabby Hall, from whence I date this Paper; the truth of which, those who recognize me under my assumed title can readily attest.

From the impartial trait which I have already given of my own disposition and propensities, my neighbours will, I fear, expect that my pen will be guided by malevolence; and the general censoriousness of a country town, in great measure, authorizes their suspicions: yet, let me remind them, that, as we breathe upon glass, or any bright sub-

stance, to give it additional brightness, so will the pure lustre of intrinsic virtue shine with redoubled brilliancy through the weak breath of false aspersion.

For the Lady's Monthly Museum.

My dear Sisters,

WHATEVER prejudices I may have formerly adopted from education, and the restraints of my religion, respecting the Dress of our Sex, I cannot now but sincerely congratulate my society on their singularity.---The Quakers (with a few exceptions) observe an uniformity of plainness, concealing what delicacy demands and the simple principles of Nature point out. But, alas! how widely different is the study and mode of our present fashionable ladies!---they neither consider the comfort, nor the simplicity of the female character: misled by example, the highest mark of their perfection is the greatest deviation from the fair path of Modesty; and to disclaim her restraints, the greatest mark of a liberal education.

How frequently is the eye of delicacy shocked and disgusted by a display of what was never intended to attract notice, but to adorn, and finish the form!---The present disgusting fashion owes its origin to a nation monstrous in all its late pursuits. Levity, indeed, of manners has long been the prominent characteristic of France; but she now giganticly exults in trampling upon decency, and removing all restraints, which either checked the inexperienced, or awed the aged.

How my British Sisters, who have so long worn the female laurel, can barter its majesty for the tree of evil, I am at once lost in astonishment and surprize.——Has the depravity of the times altered the constitution?---Is a dress, scarcely allowing room to display the graceful motion of the body, both from its confinement and flimsiness, equal

equal to the variable climate of our country?——No!—— except to render youth decrepid, and constitutionally old, and to convert into Autumn the Spring of life. If the experience of one, who has trodden the stage of life with observation, and who has marked its follies and abuses, in their various shapes, may assume the privilege of remonstrance, let me entreat you, by a proper, and not an extravagant, attention to the fashions, to adorn, but not deform your persons; to consult what embellishes female modesty, and awes, instead of encouraging, the libertine.

These restrictions, perhaps, the *times* may consider trifles; but these trifles have poisoned the domestic cup with an adulterous mother and an unchaste daughter; entailed on family antiquity family disgrace; and stigmatized innocent connexions with what the ermined character of woman can never regain.——Farewell!

PLAIN.

Isleworth.

NEW TRAIT IN THE FEMALE CHARACTER.

[Extract of a Letter from Mr. Bromel, of Berlin, to Professor Engel.]

DURING my residence in the town of ————, I had for neighbours, in the house opposite to my own, two ladies, who led a regular and laborious life.—— Unobserved by them, I was frequently a witness of their actions; and the little I saw encreased, instead of satifying, my curiosity. The eldest, who was not thirty, had all the noble appearance of an ancient Roman: her look was firm, without audacity. I never observed so much grandeur and dignity in any other woman.

There are certain days of the year on which the ladies of ———— repair to the public promenade, dressed in their finest attire. My friend, M. R————, engaged me to go thither. He met, and saluted two ladies, who were dressed in the most distinguished taste: they were my two

neighbours. The eldest had greatly interested me, and an eager desire to know who she was had long tormented me. I seized this opportunity with avidity, and my friend R——— gave me the following information:

"These ladies are sisters: the brown (that was the eldest) is married. Their parents, though they had no fortune, gave them an excellent education: this circumstance, joined to a handsome person, could not fail to procure to the elder a number of admirers. I shall not say to you, that there was among them one whose homage was more agreeable than the others, for of that I am ignorant; all I know is, that, if there was such a favourite, she did not marry him, as you shall presently hear.

"Among her lovers there was a Mr. F———, whose sole merit consisted in the possession of great wealth; a kind of merit which seldom interests the young, but to which parents usually attach a very high value. The addresses of F——— were, of course, encouraged by the father and mother; they even carried things so far, as to render it impossible for them to recede: the match pleased them, and they thought they could not do too much to get it completed. They believed, that the more they pushed the matter, the less reason there was to fear that it would not be brought to a successful issue; so that, when they communicated the affair to their daughter, they had left her nothing to do but to say *yes*:---that was a word, however, which she would not pronounce.

"Her parents were vexed; pretended that they understood her interests better than she did herself; that her duty, as a daughter, imposed on her the obligation of obeying them; that their word was engaged; and added every argument that is usually made use of on like occasions.——The daughter replied,---That, with respect to marriage, she could not separate her interests from her taste; that, in such a state, the first of all requisites was mutual affection; that the business concerned her more nearly than any other person; that they should have made no promise without

without consulting her; that, in this instance, they had not acted well towards their child; and that she would not marry the gentleman.

" Both parties were obstinate; but the young woman resolved to endure the greatest severities rather than submit; while the parents, on their part, resolved to attempt every thing, rather than suffer themselves to be defeated in their purpose. In such a case, a man of liberal mind would have relinquished his pursuit, rather than disturb the peace of a family; and had Mr. F——— acted thus, perhaps, he would have conquered the repugnance of his mistress: but such was not the character of Mr. F———. He allowed the parents to take their way; he often visited them, and his visits only tended the more to disgust the lady. The parents became outrageous against their daughter, and loaded her with reproaches and invectives whenever they were alone with her. The anger of the father was even, one day, carried so far as to throw a knife at her, which wounded her in the face. She would not permit the wound to be cured. She was shut up in her room: there she consoled herself with reading, but he took her books from her. Her harpsichord remained, and music afforded some relief to her anguish; but they deprived her of her instrument also. She remained alone in the midst of indolence and silence, for no person in the house was permitted to speak to her.

" Such was the life which she was condemned to lead, when, one day, she suddenly presented herself before her father and mother, and, in a firm tone, told them she was determined to espouse Mr. F———. They looked at each other with surprize. She tranquilly repeated, that she consented to marry Mr. F———. The lover was sent for: his mistress gave him a flattering reception.---A day was fixed, and the marriage ceremony was performed.

" She resumed the cultivation of her talents, and in a short time her beauty recovered all its former brilliancy: she seemed to possess more graces and gaiety than ever.

Her husband was soon subjugated by the influence of her mental superiority and her attractions: she became sovereign mistress of his house, and of all the wealth he possessed: she gradually made use of this power.---Her expenditure was immense---her benevolence unbounded. Balls and fêtes succeeded each other without interruption; so that in a few years her husband was worth nothing——all his property had vanished.

'Your money,' said his wife, 'was the cause of my misery: now, thank God! not a farthing of it remains. I have now ruined you, but I shall not forsake you. You would starve, for you can do nothing for yourself.——I shall take care of you; but for this time I will have my own conditions.'

"She took a lodging where you have seen her, and asked her sister to live with her, as her parents had died in the interval. Her trade in millinery is extensive, because her taste has insured her a superiority. She has lodged her husband in a small apartment, at a considerable distance from her own residence, and pays him an annuity, on the express condition that he shall never come near her. As for him, he now passes his time reflecting on the danger of marrying a woman against her inclination."

Such was the story of my friend; it excited in me an irresistible desire to converse for a moment with this extraordinary woman. I went and purchased from her a lady's bonnet, for which I have no use, and which I still preserve.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

IT was not till within these few days that I had the pleasure of seeing the Lady's Monthly Museum; when, looking over a few of the Numbers, I found the PORTRAIT of

of ANGELICA KAUFFMAN;* for whom, I perceive, you have not found a Biographer.——Permit me, Sir, to present you with the following sketch.

ANGELICA KAUFFMAN, or *Angelica*, as she is more properly called, was, if I remember right, born at Florence in the year 1757. Her father was a gentleman, and her mother a woman of a noble family. Under her parents she, most probably, acquired her refined taste; but her genius is from Nature; and it is no compliment to say, that she is one of the ornaments of the present age.

She studied the arts at a very early period. At the age of twenty-five she visited England, and, considering her age and sex, burst upon the hemisphere of painting as a luminous wonder; as, independent of her immediate professional qualifications, she can communicate her sentiments in seven languages, and is an adept in music: connecting her beauty with her knowledge, and her sweet disposition with both, she is, perhaps, the most fascinating woman in Europe.——In the year 1775 she visited Dublin, and was hospitably entertained by the nobility, and particularly Mr. Tisdall, then Attorney-General, at whose house she resided, and exercised her talents.

It is impossible for memory, from which I write, to detail her various works, which have *all* merit almost beyond competition. The last piece I saw of her's, she sent from Rome, in 1796; and it was, that year, exhibited in the Royal Academy. It was entitled---"Euphrosyne, wounded by Cupid, complaining to Venus;" which painting cannot be described or imagined: to be *felt*, it must be *seen*.---So much for the genius of this admired lady, which, it is to be lamented, has not found for her a better fate; or that an incident, so cruel and humiliating as that I am about to relate, should have deprived virtue

* No. XX. for February 1800.

and

and loveliness of the dearest treasures and undoubted dues of life——maternal tenderness, and domestic love.

Sometime about the year 1776, Angelica, being in London, became acquainted with most of the Dilletanti, and, among the rest, with Mr. ————, who professed himself her *devoted servant*, and offered marriage, which the lady thought proper to refuse; and, it is added, with some *fierté*. Mr. ———— had all the pride inherent to genius, but little of manly feeling, or generosity; or, surely, he would not have sought revenge of the most cruel nature, which (sad to tell!) he put in force to the letter of his intent, and crowned his abominable scheme with success.

An Italian valet, of the name of Kauffman, who had recently been discarded from the service of the Marquis ————, was adjudged, by Mr. ————, a proper husband for the beautiful and devoted Angelica; and so well did he tutor this wretch, who had as little honesty as rank, that he succeeded, and actually married and possessed this lovely woman, under the title, and in some of the cast finery, of the late worthy nobleman, from whom he had been so recently discarded, and in whose service he had acquired several family secrets, &c. &c. which rendered him the more specious deceiver.

The writer of this article was told, by the late Mr. Stanley, a Painter of some merit, who knew Mr. ———— well, that the vile vagabond who married Angelica, was, for the purpose of carrying on his infamous courtship, supplied by that gentleman (if he deserves the title) to the amount of two hundred pounds!——It was not long, however, before she discovered her delusion, and, in consequence, flew with disdain from an object, in all respects (whether we estimate worth by virtue, breeding, merit, birth, or beauty), beneath Angelica; over whom Pity is too proud to weep:---it is indignation for the treatment she experienced that bids the tears start for her.

J. J.

The

The EDITOR adds to the above account, that, about August 1781, Angelica married Signor Zucchi, an Artist of Rome.

A Writer, of more talent, perhaps, than liberality,* thus characterizes her works:

"Considering this lady as an Artist, she is too meritorious to be unhonoured, yet too indefinite to be exemplary: she is tolerably well acquainted with the antique, but that is not sufficient for an Historical Painter. Her fancy does not teem with variegated images, though what it generates is alluring: to be candid---her designs are so similar, that, to see one, is to know all.

"The females which her harmonious, but shackled, fancy suggests, are all cast in a Circassian mould, which destroys the necessary truth of character, as much as the squabby, swag-bellied wives of Rubens, whom he has obtruded as Graces and Deities. Those who are ambitious to delineate historical facts, should be exceedingly attentive to national lineaments, as well as national drapery.

"Though Mrs. Kauffman has convinced the world that she possesses much grace, she has not convinced them that she possesses much truth. Her children are not rotund, fubby, and dimply, but slender and juvenile. Fiamingo and Guercino have given us the true character of infants, which Mrs. Kauffman never understood.

"I have not seen the works of any female who could draw the human figure correctly; their situation in society, and compulsive delicacy, prevents them from studying nudities, and comparing those studies with muscular motion; though, without such aid, they cannot do more than this lady has effected, which is, to design pretty faces and graceful attitudes, without any authority from Nature to warrant the transaction; or, to speak more plainly, to offer the blandishments of falshood as an apology for necessary knowledge.

* Anthony Pasquin.

"Her

"Her draperies are generally erroneous, and have been copied from the old expedient of the French school, which is, to clothe the lay figure with damp brown paper; but this measure is wrong, as it makes the folds too numerous, and too abrupt, and wholly dissimilar to what would be produced by any species of linen; and to suppose Bacchants and Wood Nymphs eternally habited in light silks, would be preposterous and absurd.

"There are persons who have madly affirmed that she is equal to Corregio; but to such writers I disdain to reply.---When Polidore Vergil declared that Rafaelle was equal to Apelles, he committed a violence on his own character as a critic, though not, perhaps, upon probability; and the reason is, that the best works of the Greeks were destroyed, whereas the most excellent pieces of the divine Roman were extant, and open to common admiration. It was equally inconsistent in putting Sebastian, of Venice, in competition with Rafaelle. This excessive incense is offered by those weak and misguided persons, who expect that the extravagance of their partialities should be warranted by a popular indorsement; and, by being thus wildly zealous, often destroy the foundation of a fair frame, by awakening cavillers to question even those points of merit, in the Professor, which have been previously considered as admissible. There are few acknowledged enemies more destructive in their malignity, than an intemperate and injudicious defender often proves, by labouring to make that appear as gigantic, which is in verity but of common magnitude, and advancing assertions with boldness, which are obliged to recede with reluctance from the test of severe truth."

THE

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. V.

Give ear, fair Daughter of Love, to the instructions of Prudence, and let the precepts of Truth sink deep in thy heart; so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to the elegance of thy form: and thy beauty, like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its sweetness when its bloom is withered.

DODSLEY.

A BEAUTIFUL and virtuous woman is the most interesting object in Nature; but the sensations occasioned by a beautiful and a virtuous female operate very differently upon the mind. A beautiful face, where there is no analogy of disposition, pleases but for a moment; whereas an ordinary complexion, possessed of the more engaging and permanent beauties of the mind, is irresistibly captivating.

Fruition soon dispels the charms of mere external beauty; but the virtuous qualities which first enchain the heart, that enlarged understanding and those numerous graces which accompany a virtuous mind, always engage its affections.

Of all the social duties, there is none more endearing than Benevolence, or more congenial to the female bosom, since Nature has formed it so peculiarly susceptible of soft and generous impressions.

"Oh, sweet Benevolence! the sacred chain
"That links us to the gods!—the pow'r is thine
"To smooth the rugged passions, charm the heart,
"And wing the soul into her native skies!"

Benevolence, alone, covereth a multitude of imperfections; it shines so resplendently around them, that they are lost in its lustre. Like an accomplished Beauty, it strikes immediately upon our affections, and insensibly engages us in its interests. But do we not too frequently observe

serve an affected sensibility, which turns from an object of real distress, as from a basilisk? The gifts of Nature are valuable but as they are exerted in the interests of humanity and virtue; and can that be Benevolence——(and, surely, Benevolence is a virtue!)——which withdraws her charity and compassion, because the unfortunate object labours under some species of bodily affliction? What complicated miseries must the poor wretch feel, who finds himself an object of abhorrence!

I cannot but censure those females who pervert the feelings with which they are endued to purposes dishonourable to human nature. Oh! my fair readers, since Nature has blessed you, in so eminent a degree, with sensibility, cultivate religion, charity, friendship, and all the social and moral virtues, with redoubled energy.

Whenever we observe a mind fraught with virtue, we are immediately prepossessed with the idea of elegance. Good-nature, modesty, affability, unaffected truth, and a kind concern for the welfare of others, are qualities which will for ever please and enchain the heart. On the contrary, that external elegance of person, so unanimously affected, sinks in our esteem the moment we find it void of truth, generosity, or greatness of soul. Let me, then, seriously inculcate these amiable propensities; and be you assiduous in bringing them to maturity:

> This, sure, is Beauty's happiest part;
> This gives the most unbounded sway:
> This shall enchant the subject heart,
> When rose and lily fade away. AKENSIDE.

As amusements occupy a very principal place in the imaginations of youth, I cannot but observe, that the pleasures of the present age certainly vitiate the taste, and corrupt the understanding; particularly the prevailing mental amusement of Novel reading; a species of composition which should be very carefully introduced into a lady's library. I confess, there is something pleasing in the contemplation

templation of imaginary perfection: but, is it not attended with pernicious consequences, in engaging the heart in quest of Utopian perfections, which exist no where in nature? Females of quick sensibility seldom look to the moral of the story, whilst the impassioned parts engross all their attention. Were the periodical works of merit, on the model of the Spectator, more universally read, the susceptive female, instead of finding her imagination inflamed, would rise from the delicious repast with her understanding improved, her virtues and sensibility increased, and some useful precepts of morality impressed on the memory.

Indeed, so necessary is it to cultivate a taste for polite literature, that I believe few good dispositions are formed wherein a literary propensity is not more or less connected. I had almost said, the improvement of taste and virtue are synonymous; at least, there is such an immediate relation between our thoughts and appearances, that it is necessary a woman should think well, to shew her charms to advantage. Delicacy of taste, like delicacy of feeling, subjects us, in some degree, to pleasures and pains, of which primarily we had no conception; but the effects of the latter are more than counterbalanced by the enjoyment of the former, since our very pains approach to pleasures unknown to a great part of mankind. Though our happiness or misery depends not altogether upon ourselves, yet the books we peruse, or the amusements we participate, are objects of choice: if, then, it behoves us to enlarge the sphere of our pleasures, we shall certainly cultivate a taste for what may, like the luxury of doing good, afford more real gratification than is experienced by the Fashionable Illiterate, under all their puerile enjoyments. It will, moreover, be found possessed of wonderful efficacy in forming our connexions, either of love or friendship. The elevated sentiments of Poetry, and the many noble examples in History, particularly the celebrated Worthies of Greece and Rome: that heroic greatness of mind, and just con-

tempt of wealth, so frequently displayed, animates us with noble sentiments, and never fails of producing that delicate union of the finer passions—called, Sensibility. There is such a coincidence between Sentiment and Poetry, that it is always a favourite female study; but its constant and pertinent allusions to historical subjects frequently render it unintelligible to those unacquainted with the works of a Plutarch, a Goldsmith, or a Gibbon. As examples are more effectual than precepts, I shall, in order to interest my fair sisters in this pleasing study (after referring them to an ingenious essay on the subject, in the second Number of this Miscellany), instance its powerful effects on a lady, whose health was impaired by nervous affections, and who, it seems, was advised by the worthy Zimmerman to peruse with attention the history of the Greek and Roman empires. At the expiration of three months she wrote to him in the following terms:

"You have inspired my mind with a veneration for the virtues of the antients. What are the buzzing race of the present day, when compared with those noble characters! History, heretofore, was not my favourite study; but now, I live only on its pages. While I read of the transactions of Greece and Rome, I wish to become an actor in the scenes. It has not only opened to me an inexhaustible source of pleasure, but has restored me to health. I could not have believed that my library contained so inestimable a treasure! My books will now prove more valuable to me than all the fortune I possess. In the course of six months you will no longer be troubled with my complaints. Plutarch is more delightful to me than the charms of dress, the triumphs of coquetry, or the sentimental effusions which lovers address to their mistresses, who are inclined to be *all heart*, and with whom Satan plays tricks of love, with the same address as a Dilletanti plays tricks of musick on the violin."

"The most attractive beauty of the person," says Knox, "results from the graces of the mind. Delicacy, sweetness, sense, and sensibility, shining in the eye, amply compensate for any irregularity of features, and will sooner excite love in a feeling heart than the best formed face, and the finest complexional hue, without expression."

It may, perhaps, be urged,——that Nature has not bestowed these amiable qualities on every disposition. But, surely, the most effectual way to call them forth, is, by cultivating our intellectual powers. A constant intercourse with the world inspires a share of its passions: we see on all sides incidents which call forth our hatred and contempt; characters which excite our disgust, and irritate our pride; by degrees it contracts into an envious, a proud, or a disdainful aspect, 'than which nothing is more repugnant to the idea of allurement.' But in a judicious retirement from the world, to enjoy the superlative pleasure of perusing the best Authors in the cause of virtue, we feel an aversion towards the more vicious part of mankind, whilst, at the same time, our hearts expand with soft and generous sentiments.

How is that female to be envied, who divides her time between the domestic duties of her station and the cultivation of her understanding! The apparent defects of her person gradually diminish as her mind becomes enamoured of superior objects. Allow me, in this place more particularly, to address myself to those party-coloured females who think of nothing but their toilet, whilst I offer a very powerful motive for their application to literature, though not a novel one:——the charms of personal and mental beauty, separately, do not always assume an absolute dominion over our hearts; but when combined, the charm is not only irresistible, but permanent.

I shall conclude this Paper with a quotation on Retirement, from Brewster's "Meditations of a Recluse," just published.

"To retire sometimes to the shade of reflection, even from the affectionate intercourse of friends, is a judicious

choice, as well as religious injunction. The mind that has been distracted with cares demands some repose to rally its scattered forces. Some defilement, too, it may be supposed to have contracted from an indiscriminate communication with the world.——How delightful, then, must that moment be, which is spent amidst scenes of solitude! How must the heart expand when it has broken its fetters, and freely breathes that air of liberty with which a benevolent Creator refreshes all his creatures! He who was so lately a prisoner now becomes master of his own actions: he who was a criminal looks around him in the confidence of innocence. The book of Nature, illustrated by the book of Revelation, becomes his study. He traces the connexion between these important volumes with a penetrating eye and a delightful heart. On his return to the busy stage of man, he finds his actions improved by Benevolence. His temporary seclusion has taught him the true value of life, and he discovers that these are objects of equal importance with the *toilette* and the *opera*."

Then be not vain, whoe'er thou art,
That beauty doth possess;
Nor deck thy soft and native art
With impotence of dress.

For know, ye Fair! that lilies fade,
And roses lose their hue;
Then seek the sweet and pleasant shade,
And Virtue's paths pursue!

TOM TOUCHY.

To Belinda.——Mr. Touchy is particularly requested, in the name of the Society, to inform Belinda, that, though her conduct the other evening was highly reprehensible, yet, in consideration of the many virtuous qualities she is known to possess, they have unanimously agreed to pass over in silence, for once, this breach of decorum.

X.

Stockton, 1800.

CELE-

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES.

NO. XVII.

MRS. KATHARINE PHILLIPS (the celebrated *Orinda*) was the daughter of John Fowler, of Bucklersbury, London, merchant, and born in the parish of St. Mary Woolchurch, in that city, 1631. At eight years of age she was sent to a boarding-school at Hackney, where she was distinguished very early for her skill in poetry. Mr. Aubrey tells us, that "she was very apt to learn, and made verses when she was at school; that she devoted herself to religious duties when she was very young; that she would pray by herself an hour together; that she read the bible through before she was full four years old; that she could say by heart many chapters and passages of scripture; was a frequent hearer of sermons, which she would bring away entire in her memory; and would take sermons verbatim when she was but ten years old."

She became afterwards a perfect mistress of the French tongue, and was taught the Italian by her ingenious friend, Sir Charles Cotterel. She was bred up in the presbyterian principles, which, in her writings, she declares she deserted as soon as she was capable of judging for herself. She was married to James Phillips, of the Priory of Cardigan, Esq., about the year 1647; by whom she had one son (who died in his infancy), and one daughter, married to ——— Wogan, Esq., of Pembrokeshire. She proved, in all respects, an excellent wife; particularly in the assistance she afforded him in his affairs, which being greatly encumbered, she by her powerful interest with Sir Charles Cotterel and other great friends, and by her good sense and excellent management, did, in a great measure, extricate him out of the embarrassments and difficulties in which he was involved. In a letter to Sir Charles Cotterel, having spoken of her husband in the most respectful terms,

and of his willingness to forward her journey to London, in order to settle his perplexed affairs, she adds—

"And I hope God will enable me to answer his expectations, by making me an instrument of doing him some handsome service, which is the only ambition I have in the world, and which I would purchase with the hazard of my life. I am exceedingly obliged to my Lady Cork, for remembering me with so much indulgence, and for her great desire to be troubled with my company; but above all, for her readiness to assist my endeavours for Antenor (so she called her husband), which is the most generous kindness that can be done me."

As she had naturally a poetical genius, she composed many poems on various occasions, in her recess at Cardigan, and elsewhere. These, being dispersed among her friends and acquaintance, were collected together by an unknown hand, and published in 8vo. in 1663. This ungenerous treatment affected her so much, that it gave her a severe fit of illness, and which she very sensibly laments, in a letter to Sir Charles Cotterel. Her remarkable humility, good-nature, and agreeable conversation, greatly endeared her to all her acquaintance; and her polite and elegant writings procured her the friendship and correspondence of many learned and eminent men: and on her going to Ireland with the Viscountess of Dungannon, to transact her husband's affairs there, her great merit soon recommended her to the regard of those illustrious Peers, Ormond, Orrery, Roscommon, and many other persons of distinction, who shewed her singular marks of their esteem; and, at the pressing instances of those noblemen, particularly Lord Roscommon, she translated, from the French of Corneille, into English, the tragedy of "Pompey," which was acted on the Irish stage several times with great applause, in the years 1663 and 64. It was likewise acted very successfully at the Duke of York's theatre, 1678.

She likewise translated from the French of Corneille, the tragedy of "Horace." Sir John Denham added a fifth

fifth act to the play, which was represented at the Court by persons of quality.

While she was in Ireland, she was very happy in renewing a former intimacy with the famous Dr. Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down and Connor; who, some time before, had done her much honour by writing and publishing "A Discourse of the Nature, Offices, and Measures, of Friendship; with Rules for conducting it: in a letter to the most ingenious and excellent Mrs. Katharine Phillips."

Mrs. Phillips left Ireland, July 15, 1663, and went to Cardigan, where she spent some time in a kind of melancholy retirement. She then went to London, to enjoy the conversation of her friends, where she was seized with the small-pox, and died of it in Fleet Street, in the 33d year of her age, and was buried in the church of St. Bennet Sheerhog, under a large monumental stone, where several of her ancestors were before interred.

Mr. Aubrey observes, that her person was of the middle stature, pretty fat, and ruddy complexioned. In 1667 were published, in folio, "Poems, by the most deservedly admired Mrs. Catherine Phillips, the matchless Orinda. To which are added, M. Corneille's Pompey and Horace, tragedies; with several other translations from the French, and her picture before them, engraved by Faithorne."—— There was likewise another edition in 1678; in the Preface to which we are told that—— "she wrote her familiar letters with good facility, in a very fair hand, and perfect orthography; and if they were collected with those excellent discourses she wrote on several subjects, they would make a volume much larger than that of her poems." In 1705, a small volume of her letters to Sir Charles Cotterel, was published under the title of "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus;" the Editor of which tells us, that "they were the effect of a happy intimacy between herself and the late famous Poliarchus, and are an admirable pattern for the pleasing correspondence of a virtuous friendship. They will sufficiently instruct us how an intercourse of writing between

between two persons of different sexes ought to be managed with delight and innocence, and teach the world not to lead such a commerce with censure and detraction, when it is removed at such a distance from even the appearance of guilt."

We shall conclude our account of Mrs. Phillips with the Elegy bestowed upon her by Mr. Thomas Rowe, in his Epistle to Daphnis; printed at the end of the second volume of Mrs. Rowe's works.

At last ('twas long, indeed!) Orinda came,
To ages yet to come an ever glorious name:
To virtuous themes her well-tun'd lyre she strung;
Of virtuous themes in easy numbers sung.
Horace, and Pompey, in her lines appear
With all the worth that Rome did once revere;
Much to Corneille they owe, and much to her:
Her thoughts, her numbers, and her fire the same;
She soar'd as high, and equall'd all his fame:
Tho' France adores the bard, nor envies Greece
The costly buskins of her Sophocles.
More we expected, but untimely death
Soon stopp'd her rising glories with her breath.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

THE following is a Translation of some Latin lines of the Chancelier De l'Hopital, intended to satirize the ladies of his time who did not suckle their own children: addressed to the celebrated Jean Morel.

Can Nature, like a step-mother, deny
The lacteal balm,---the tender babe's supply?
Indulgent parent! from her copious stores
The food of helpless infant life she pours,
To those vain females, niggardly alone,
Whose pride and luxury her powers disown.
Observe the savage tyrants of the field,
They to th' unnatural mother lessons yield:

Does

Does the fierce lioness, of horrid glare,
Neglect her savage charge, her rising care;
And her young offspring, with obdurate heart,
To her fell neighbour's purchas'd care impart?

The Poem is a long one, and contains many as fine and as strong sentiments as those just quoted. The late excellent Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, has, in his very ingegenious and entertaining---" Comparative View of the State and Faculties of Man with those of the Animal World," shewn it to be no less the interest than the duty of the mother (unless her state of health prevents it) to suckle her own child. She procures greater health and spirits, as well as greater beauty, by the operation; and, adds he,---" Another great inconveniency attending the neglect, is, the depriving women of that interval of respite and ease which Nature intended for them between child-bearings. A woman who does not nurse, has naturally a child every year: this greatly exhausts the constitution, and brings on the infirmities of old age before their time. A woman who nurses her child, has an interval of a year and a half, or two years, betwixt her children, in which the constitution has time to recover its vigour."

FEMALE INSTITUTIONS.

WE have not seen any account of the Societies established at Chedder, in Somersetshire, by the Miss Mores ---the Sunday Schools, and the new Institution for the Benefit of Women. These amiable and exemplary dispensers of the blessings of Heaven, who have done so much to reform the manners of their country, have had the happiness of seeing their exertions in this instance crowned with success. The children of the inhabitants of this village were, a few years ago, as rugged as the rocks which they climbed. By the Institution of the Miss Mores,

Mores, they are instructed in religious knowledge, and are become patterns of regularity and sobriety of manners, without being deprived of that manly sense of British independence, which is best inculcated and secured by conformity to the liberal restraints of civil society, and by a willing submission to the laws of their country.---On the 24th of July last, more than three hundred children of both sexes appeared in clean and decent attire, in the buildings appropriated to the Sunday Schools.

The advantages resulting to the industrious poor from Benefit Societies are proved by their universal adoption, and by the attention of the legislature to their security: but these laudable Institutions had been hitherto confined to one sex. The Miss Mores have established a *Female Society* on similar principles, and endowed it by contributions, which they promoted with such a fund as must ensure its permanency. By means of *sixpence* a month, each member becomes entitled to provision in sickness and infirmity, and with other specified assistance. These privileges can only be forfeited by a neglect of religious duties, or an habitual violation of morality. It will easily be conceived, that the number of members is fast increasing, and that examples of decency in conduct are becoming more and more frequent.——The above day was likewise the annual meeting of that Society.

At one o'clock the village was filled with a great concourse of the neighbouring clergy, and other respectable characters, who came to witness so interesting a solemnity. After being elegantly entertained with a cold dinner by the Miss Mores in the School-house, they joined the procession of women and children to Chedder church, where an excellent sermon was preached by Sir Abraham Elton.

On their return from church, the School-children and Female Societies were again entertained by their benefactresses. Two instances of habitual immorality were punished with expulsion from the Society; and three young women,

women, who had married with a blameless character, received each a bible, five shillings, and a pair of stockings, the present and the workmanship of the Miss Mores.—— Similar institutions, in consequence of the happy effects of this, are already adopted in other places.

For the Lady's Monthly Museum.

ON MODERN MARRIAGES.

THE stipulations for rights to wives in marriage contracts, and even verbal agreements of a like kind, are in their very natures, and must be, destructive of matrimonial concord.

Men, who are born for government, have their minds formed by education for that purpose. Reason is to be the guide of all their actions: they are to love from approbation, to protect from honour, and to indulge from generosity; and they only acquit themselves rightly, as men, when they fairly assert their own dignity and power, and suffer themselves to be actuated by no inferior motives.

All the great concerns of life fall naturally within their province. Formed with a strength of body, and endowed with a fortitude of mind for such purposes, they take upon themselves the duties of protecting and supporting, at the hazard of their lives, and the risques of their personal freedom. They who labour and venture every thing in the province of providers for, and must personally be answerable for the mismanagement of, families, nature and reason must determine, should be governors of them; and, therefore, it is by divine institution, as well as political law, that such a right is confirmed to man, in the very words of that solemn and sacred contract which binds him in wedlock to woman.

Women, on the contrary, are framed, and should be educated, for humbler purposes. They require protection

tion, and, therefore, have not the right of command. They are in want of support, and, therefore, reasonably owe obedience to those who furnish them with the means for it. They are in no personal danger from mismanagement, and, therefore, ought to be liable to restraints from those who risque it. These are the prescriptions of nature and of policy, and those only do right who obey them.

As it is the connubial duty of the husband to protect, to support, and to cherish the wife, so it is that of the wife to love, honour, and obey the husband. He is to be influenced by reason and honour in the discharge of his obligation; she by complacency and affection in that of her's. There needs no more than the right understanding and regular executing of these duties to make the marriage state, as it was intended to be, the happiest that human nature is capable of enjoying; but when not known, or not practised by either party, or by both, it is proportionally miserable.

Now, parents, from a weak and foolish fondness for their daughters, are apt to think they provide for the happiness of them in matrimony, in proportion as they provide for their independency; not considering that the independency of a wife is invasive of the due power of a husband, and that he must sacrifice his dignity, and often safety, by conceding it to her. It is not reason, but passion, that woman is framed and educated to govern by; so that if the necessity of influencing by affection is changed into a right of controuling by stipulation, the order of nature is broken, and the general laws of policy are all violated; for the man is made submissive, and the woman obtains command, which the former never can submit to, and the latter never rightly exercises.

In a conjunction of interests, to establish separate pursuits is hurting the common cause by individual regards; no woman, therefore, ought to think she can be ever mistress of any happiness, but from the good will of her

husband, as no good husband can be happy whose will is not obeyed. It is their common agreement that must constitute their felicity; and no agreement can be supported with a violation of the rights of one party.

When the measurement of purses, privileges, or conveniencies, takes the place of that of affection, it may be said, that the party acting on such considerations marries the purse, privilege, or convenience, instead of the person thereon espoused, and the fruits of such a marriage are proportionate to the motive: this, however, is seldomer the case on the male side than it is on that of the female, and less risque attends it by much when it is so. A man should love from reason,---a woman from passion; as a man marries to regulate a ruling appetite,---a woman to indulge it; and, if that be not her sole motive, she will never make a good wife. If her views in matrimony are to any other than the enjoyments of domestic life, she will only consider her husband as a mere instrument for securing her such as she seeks abroad, and value accordingly his happiness and his interests.

Parents, therefore, who would consult the true happiness of their daughters, should endeavour to direct their passions towards proper objects, that their indulgence of them may be wisely gratified, and then resign them to the guidance of the husbands whom they choose. No woman can be happy but with the man whom she willingly obeys, and in the loveliness of that obedience she will establish her full influence in his affection; she will win from him that indulgence which she could never command; and it will be his delight to oblige her with what he would refuse to her exaction. Such have been the means, and the only ones, by which I have ever observed happiness to be attained in the marriage state; and, when attained by such means, I have ever remarked it to be as lasting as it was great.

Where there are landed estates, and where there are rank and dignity to support, jointures on wives, and set-

tlements on children, are not only commendable, but also absolutely necessary; they are no inconveniencies to the husband, and they are great conveniencies to the family. But as this task is undertaken principally for the middling ranks of people, there, I think, no restraints can be wisely laid on a good husband's discretion; and it should be the great care of parents, by a proper education and good instructions, to influence their daughters to the choice only of those men who are likely to prove such. But it is an error of the times that leads to all kinds of unhappiness, for parents to expect that their daughters should all make their fortunes, that is, marry above their ranks in life; and, therefore, they educate them for stations that are improbable to be attained to.

Upon which mi taken principle all women aim to become preyers upon the men, which the latter have long since perceived, and therefore act accordingly. The men, therefore, now say, that they will not be ruined by wives; and so resolve to live single lives, rather than submit to become drudges for the sustaining of a wife's vanity and expense; as they discover, that a woman, now-a-days, does not marry the man, but the condition he can put her into for the enjoyment of her pleasures, which, he thinks, is an omen of no happiness or prosperity to himself.—— Who, then, can reasonably be a censurer of the men's determinations?

Z. PENELOPE PRUDENCE.

☞ We insert this, not because we think as the Author does, but to invite a Refutation of her opinions.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON LOVE.

LOVE founded on external charms, and which only seeks the gratification of the senses, will soon change its object, and be pleased with novelty; but where esteem is the basis of love——when it is founded on virtue, accompanied by all the amiable and endearing qualities of the head and heart, and an enlarged mind——surely, that affection,

affection, that friendship, can never die——it cannot fall, while those virtues remain on which it is built——by which it is enlarged, strengthened, and supported!

LOVE is not a guilty passion, a criminal desire, which debases human nature: 'tis a most exalted esteem and regard, founded on reason and virtue; an affection which ennobles the mind, elevates the soul, and leads it nearer to Heaven. This is the idea which that sacred name conveys——pure, and unmixed with any gross conceptions; and which, thus understood, may as well subsist between two persons of the same as of a different sex: though some will argue (and not unjustly, neither), that the latter is capable of a more refined softness.

In true LOVE one object must ever reign predominant in the affections, knowing *no equal*. Perhaps in Friendship, too, we always hold *one* dearer than *all* the others besides.

As to the acts of LOVE to God, obedience is the chief—"This is Love,---that we keep his commandments."

Melancholy Consequence of a single

DEVIATION FROM RECTITUDE.

ON Wednesday, the 29th of October, in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, a young lady made away with herself by poison.

She had unfortunately been prevailed upon to quit the roof of the only friend she had in the world, with a gentleman who had seduced her. A little time and reflection, however, were sufficient to awaken in a once-virtuous mind the sense of shame and contrition. The uneasiness and despondency under which she laboured did not escape the observation of her seducer, who was heard to say to her, on the morning of the above day——"I fear you are meditating some black design!" She replied——"I am, indeed: and you are the cause of it."

About eleven o'clock on the same morning, after the gentleman was gone out, she observed——" I have a letter for my friend: but---it is too cruel!---and he shall not have it----I will burn it." Upon which she immediately threw it into the fire. Then, adding----" I am very cold----and shall soon be no more"---she went up stairs; was shortly after taken with strong convulsions, and expired in about three hours.

LOTTERY FOR A HUSBAND.

A YOUNG man, of good character, and of a fine figure, proposes a lottery in " The Bourdeaux Journal." All the widows and maidens, who have not attained the age of thirty-two, are invited to take of him a ticket, at the price of twenty-five francs: there are to be four thousand of these tickets. Only one number is to be drawn from the wheel, and the fortunate holder is to gain the young man for a husband, and to partake with him the hundred thousand francs produced by the lottery!

This Hymeneal offer is too palpably in favour of the adroit proposer. As the tickets in this hopeful scheme are to produce one hundred thousand francs, or four thousand pounds sterling, he must, at all events, gain a *prize*, even though upon the drawing he should be presented with that worst of all *blanks*——commonly called a *shrew!*

NARRATIVE
OF THE PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE
Of CHARLES STURT, Esq. M.P. for Bridport.

Weymouth, Saturday, Sept. 20, 1800.

HIS Majesty, with the Queen and Royal Family, went on board the Cambrian frigate; the St. Fiorenzo and Syren saluted. At ten, the three frigates slipped, and

and stood to sea on the larboard tack; about a quarter after, I got under sail, and stood for the Cambrian, the standard flying on board her; kept on her quarter, and sailed at times round her. Half after ten, saw Mr. Weld's yacht to leeward beating to windward, and bore away towards her: on coming on her weather quarter, hauled my wind, and sailed in company with her; observed she fore-reached me, but I joined to windward. At a little before eleven, passed under the stern of the Cambrian. Mr. Weld's cutter under my lee bow; his boat being in, and top-mast struck, she felt no impediment whatever; my boat astern, I observed, impeded my sailing considerably: the sea running too high, was afraid to hoist her in; however, struck my top-mast, and made all snug.

Both cutters standing to sea, about eleven, two leagues from land, the King's frigates had worn and stood to Weymouth Bay. Feeling anxious to beat Mr. Weld's cutter, which I saw I should do, could I get rid of my boat, I proposed to one of my sailors to jump in, and carry her to Weymouth: at this he hesitated, and refused. I observed, ——"You, my lads, have known me long enough to be satisfied, that I would not order you to do a thing I would not readily do myself; therefore, reef the sail, slip the mast:---I will go myself."---This was soon done: I took my pocket compass. On jumping into the boat, Ben asked me---If I would have another coat on?——"Oh! no---no---never mind, Ben. I can swim in this as well as any I have."

Got into the boat; left my yacht; ordered my master to attend, and do his best to beat Mr. Weld's; hoisted my sail, and steered N.N.E. to get clear of the Shambles: found a considerable sea running, but nothing but what the boat could weather with ease (for she never shipped a thimble-full of water till I came to the Shambles). A very strong ebb-tide carried me to the westward, and on for the Shambles, which I wished to avoid: put before the wind, but, being under a very low sail, could not stem the tide;

dared not quit the helm to let the reefs out of the sail, for fear of broaching-to; the tide hauling me dead on the Shambles, where the sea was running tremendously high, and breaking horribly——no time to be lost.

Sensible of my danger, and convinced that I could neither get to the eastward nor to the westward of them, I prepared to meet the danger; and, to make my boat as lively as possible, threw overboard my ballast, which, likewise, would prevent her from sinking to the bottom: the dismal sound of the breakers I began to hear, and soon saw them right a-head. Aware of the danger, and convinced that my boat could not exist many minutes, and nothing but the interposition of Providence save me, to divert my thoughts from the horrid idea of death, I began singing the sea song---"Cease, rude Boreas,"---at the same time keeping the boat's quarter to the surf: as I was singing the second verse, a dreadful sea, all foaming, took my boat on her larboard quarter, sheered a-weather my helm, she lost her shorage-way, broached-to, upset, and overwhelmed, the sea rolling over and over. Recovering from my alarm, without the smallest hope of escaping, I swam to my boat, which was lying on her broadside; with difficulty I got into her, and held her fast. I immediately pulled off my coat, waistcoat, shirt, and cravat; this I accomplished with much difficulty, being wet.

After this, I began to consider what could be done:——no sail near me; above fifteen miles from the nearest land; a dreadful hollow-broken sea running in every direction, and frequently overwhelming me, gave me no hopes of saving my life. To surrender without a struggle I considered weak: the thoughts of my wife and children, which at that period struck my mind very forcibly (I thought I saw them); recollecting the difficulties which I surmounted, two years before, in saving some men from a wreck off my house, and knowing that they were saved from a situation as dreadful as my own, by the assistance of Divine Providence——this gave me resolution and fortitude

titude to exert myself. I began to clear away the boat's masts and sails, which I accomplished at last, after being repeatedly washed off the boat. When I had cleared the wreck, I got on her gunwale, and by my weight brought her to right: I got into her; but the violence of the seas, and coming on so repeatedly, overwhelmed me. The difficulty of regaining my boat against such seas quite exhausted me, and the salt water affected my sight so, that it was some time before I could recover my boat.

Looking round for a sail, and perceiving none, and increasing my distance from land, I began to think it a folly to struggle any longer for a miserable existence of a few hours; however, the love of life, and hopes of some vessel heaving in sight, got the better, and I resolved to use every possible means of preserving it, to continue in the boat. Repeatedly washed off, and buried in the waves, I knew that I could not be much longer supported,---I must give way. I then recollected that fishermen, when caught in a gale, frequently let a spar or a mast, fastened to their boat's painter, go a-head, and the spar broke the force of the waves before they came to the boat. Having been, by this time, above two hours in the water (for I upset at twelve), I felt myself much fatigued, and that it was absolutely necessary I should try some scheme to relieve myself. I accordingly took my boat's painter, and passed it over and under the after-short, or seat of the boat: in accomplishing this, I was frequently buried under the waves for many seconds, and, following each other so repeatedly, my breath was nearly gone.

At this period, several gurnets (a large species of sea-gull) hovered close to me, and were so bold as to come within two feet of my head. I suppose that they anticipated a good meal on me; however, by hollowing pretty loud, I convinced them that I was not yet dead: they took flight, and I saw no more of them. After they were gone, I tried how my scheme answered: when a heavy sea came, I got out of the boat, and swam to leeward, holding by the boat's

boat's painter, which I had fastened to her broadside; being to the sea, and bottom upwards, the surf broke with force against her, and only a part came over me. By this means, saving myself from many a heavy sea, my spirits kept up; but, alas! when I could discover no sail in sight, the sea increasing, and it drawing towards evening, they began to flag. Struggling through such difficulties, without the smallest prospect of being relieved, was but little encouragement for me to persevere; and, being full three hours in the water, I was much weakened.

About 3 o'clock I saw two sail near me, about a mile to leeward: no exertion of mine, I knew, could make them hear me, so made none; beating about for such a length of time, without the good fortune to see any sail approaching, gave me little hopes of saving my life; continually washed off my boat, and repeatedly obliged, to avoid the sea breaking, to quit my boat, and swim to leeward, consequently diminishing my strength. About a quarter after four, a brig came within half a mile; I hailed her; stood as far out of the water as I could, moving my hands, and using every possible means for her crew to see me. I succeeded; I saw her men go up the main-shrouds, and the crew stand close together, but passed me, without offering to lend me the smallest assistance. This, indeed, was enough for me to surrender up a life which was no longer supportable: such inhumanity excited in me the strongest emotions of anger; but, alas! I had no means of redress. I gave up all hopes of being saved; still further from the land; a gale of wind coming on; the tide carrying on to Portland Race!

I took a valuable diamond watch of my wife's out of my fob, tied it securely round the waistband of my trowsers; pulled them off, and tied them round the short of the boat: when I had done this, I made a running knot with the painter, intending to put it round me in my last moments, that my boat, as the wind was, would be driven near my house, or Bridport, and that my watch and seal would

would lead to a discovery of who I was. Having done this, I became quite indifferent; death was no longer terrible; and, as I saw no chance of being saved, I sat quietly in the boat, patiently waiting for the next wave to put an end to my suffering; and, immersed two feet under water, still tossed about, sometimes in the boat, sometimes holding on her bottom, washed off, and losing her for several minutes. I found that neither my recollection nor strength had failed me, for I always raised myself, by treading water, to discover my boat, which, when I did, I swam up to.

About half after four, experiencing a very hard struggle to recover the boat, I saw eight sail to windward; it was a long time before I discovered whether they were standing from me, or towards me: I perceived they were standing towards me. This gave me additional strength and spirits; for the first time, I saw a chance of saving my life, and that Providence had watched over me through all my struggles. At five, three or four ships passed me without seeing me, or being able to make them hear, the sea running high, and breaking violently. Three more passed me close to windward, my voice being too feeble to be heard. I reserved my strength for the only two of the eight that had not passed me. A brig came by; I hailed her, lifted up my hands, and, fortunately, I observed that they saw me, for her men went up aloft to see what I was; they then tacked, and stood towards me, but did not hoist a boat out: this alarmed me; and having, some hours before, passed one unfeeling wretch, I almost gave myself up to despair.

There was only one more vessel to pass: it was nearly dark, a dismal sea, and within two miles of Portland Race: if this passed me, all was over. I roused myself on this occasion, and hailed her; stood on the boat's bottom, was washed off; got on her again, and was again washed off: however, life was still desirable, as long as I saw a chance of being saved. After struggling again and again, I was discovered

discovered by some of the soldiers: I saw there was a bustle on board her; I saw men running up the rigging, and, shortly after, a boat let down.

At that instant I was agitated; my firmness seemed to forsake me, for I burst into a flood of tears, and was seized with a violent retching, from the quantity of salt water I had swallowed: as the boat approached, I recovered. When she came near, the sea being very high, I desired them not to come broadside to, but stern on. I untied my trowsers, and threw them into the boat, and endeavoured to spring in myself, but was unable: the crew pulled me in by the legs. I was not so much exhausted, nor my recollection so lost, but I was able to steer the boat through a heavy sea, and lay her alongside, which I did. I was humanely and kindly received by Colonel Jackson, of the 85th; and the whole crew expressed a sincere and honest gladness at my providential escape: ten minutes more, and she must have passed, and not the smallest chance of my existing half an hour longer; my limbs benumbed, a violent pain in my side, with a dizziness in my eyes, and an inclination to sleep. From the time I upset, to that of being picked up, I had been above five hours and a half naked in the water.

The ship Middleton came into Portland Roads at about eight o'clock; and at nine, Colonel Jackson attended me to my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, from whom I received the kindest attention; they thought I was irrecoverably gone: so did their Majesties, particularly as Captain Ingram declared, that he saw my boat go down. However, it was extremely reasonable to suppose that I was lost, the sea running high, and breaking in a most tremendous manner: he well knew, that on those shoals a boat could not long exist, and, on the whole, a most dreadful evening:---it was reasonable to suppose I was no more.

Their Majesties, with the Dukes of Kent and Cumberland, Lord and Lady Cathcart, Lord Paulet, Colonels Desborough and Wynyard, Generals Goldsworthy, Garth, &c.

&c. every soul, in short, in Weymouth, heartily congratulated me on my providential escape. The King and Queen, with their Family, on the Esplanade, expressed, in the kindest manner, their very sincere happiness at my being saved. I was most dreadfully bruised, extremely weak, and much agitated from the kind solicitude my friends shewed me.

Tuesday, the 23d of September, I went on board the Middleton, Captain Rankin, with Colonel Jackson, and distributed Fifty Guineas among the Captain and crew:---Captain Rankin, Ten Guineas, and a Silver Cup. The following are the men who ventured in the boat:---John Jones, Five Guineas; John Dayly, Five Guineas; James Napier, Five Guineas; John Woodman, Five Guineas: and to the remainder of the crew, Twenty Guineas.

ST. LEGER. A TALE.

[Concluded from Page 367.]

"OH! my adored mother," exclaimed the delighted Matilda, "what a heavy pressure have you removed from my heart! Yet," continued she, bursting into tears, "do I not purchase happiness at the expense of your peace? Should my father discover that you consented to this elopement, how completely wretched will he make your life!"

"My heart," said the Baroness, "is so familiarized to wretchedness, that I am able to encounter it with composure and ease; and if my Matilda's choice should prove productive of her felicity, I shall brave every evil with fortitude and ease. But, come, my love, time flies before us, and neither admits of procrastination nor delay. I must inform St. Leger that I consent to his wishes, and you must make the necessary preparations for their being fulfilled."

St. Leger received the Baroness's concurrence with a heart overflowing with gratitude and delight; and, after making

making the necessary preparations for the nuptials, he pretended that he had received an order to repair to the British Court. Though the motive was inexplicable to the German Minister, yet he did not doubt the truth of what he heard; and St. Leger obtained permission to quit the territories unmolested by those who could have compelled him to stay.

Whilst Matilda was occupied in preparing for her departure, and in packing up those little ornaments which she thought might be useful, her father and the Duke were arranging those settlements that were calculated to destroy the happiness of her life.

Though the Baron had always retired to his chamber several hours before St. Leger intended to depart, yet so charmed was he with the company of his intended son-in-law, that he would not hear of his going away, and the clock had actually struck eleven before the Duke of Modena's carriage was called.

At length the family retired to their apartments, and the Baroness entered Matilda's room: her countenance bore the traces of sorrow and affliction, and fear seemed to have taken possession of her heart. The thought of being separated from the object of her tenderness was too agonizing a circumstance for her to appear resigned; and when she pressed the weeping Matilda to her agitated bosom, suffocating sobs evinced her grief. They were soon aroused from their mutual endearments by the signal which the Baroness had expected with so much dread. Matilda's courage at that moment failed her, and she informed her mother that she was resolved to stay.

The attendant, who was to have been the partner of her flight, was instantly dispatched to St. Leger with the news; who, frantic at hearing such unexpected intelligence, in spite of persuasion forced his way into the house.

Breathless with fear, he entered the apartment where Matilda and the Baroness still remained; and, throwing himself on his knees before them, vowed he could not sup-

port the misery of life.——" Raised, as I was," said he, " to the pinnacle of happiness, how can I bear to be suddenly cast down!——Oh! my Matilda, in mercy save me, or I shall become the victim of madness or despair!"

Matilda's heart shrunk within her as she beheld the frantic state of his mind; and, divided between the claims of duty and affection, she was wholly unable to make any reply. The Baroness was by this time more composed, and, turning to St. Leger, said——

" For God's sake rise!——I will not rob you of this darling treasure——But, oh! protect it with the fondest care!"

Here the Baroness was unable to proceed; and again pressing Matilda to her bosom, she placed her hand in that of the now happy St. Leger's; and, after recommending them both to the protecting care of Providence, desired their attendant to conduct them to the gate; yet, when she heard it softly close upon them, a sudden faintness overspread her frame, and for some moments she was insensible to that poignancy of affliction, which in a short time again took possession of her heart.

Whilst Matilda and St. Leger were pursuing their journey with that degree of rapidity which the nature of it required, the Baroness was endeavouring to compose her spirits, so as to meet her Lord with calmness on the following day. The Baron was too much elated at the prospect of the alliance to be able to devote many hours to sleep; and, tapping at the chamber-door which Lady Matilda used to occupy, requested she would rise without delay. But, no reply being returned to the repeated calls upon his daughter's name, he unceremoniously entered the apartment, and was shocked at beholding the bed still made!——A thousand fears darted upon his mind, and a thousand apprehensions took possession of his heart; and, instantly flying to the Baroness's apartment, he authoritatively demanded the sight of his child.

The Baroness was so intimidated by the frenzy of his features, that it was with difficulty she could articulate a reply; and the Baron, perceiving how much she was agitated, had no suspicion that she had been accessary to her daughter's flight. After having searched the chateau and domain, without being able to discover any traces of his child, he directed his footsteps to St. Leger's habitation, and had the misery of finding his apprehensions confirmed. Tortured and enraged by this discovery, he then directed his course to the Minister's abode, where the intelligence he received was calculated to increase the resentment he felt against the unfortunate pair.

"I will pursue them," he exclaimed, "to the extremity of the globe. My vengeance shall discover them wherever they may be concealed!---and may a father's curses light upon their heads!——Insidious villain!" he continued:---"under the specious mask of friendship he has basely seduced my only child!"

It was in vain that the Minister attempted to sooth his resentment, or endeavoured to palliate Lady Matilda's fault. Every word he uttered seemed to increase his passion, and augment the frenzy that possessed his mind. He resolved, however, to set out for England, and dispatched couriers to all the outward ports, for the purpose of arresting all travellers who appeared to answer the description of those whom he was solicitous to pursue.

Whilst the Baron was making arrangements for his departure, the intended bridegroom was studying his dress, and endeavouring to improve the deformity of his person by the aid of bandages, and the help of stays. At length the important business was completed, and his heart expanded at the anticipation of delight; but what was his astonishment, when he arrived at the Baron's chateau, to see his travelling equipage standing at the door!—— But few words were necessary to disclose the meaning of what had occasioned so much alarm and astonishment at the sight; and, though his rage and indignation were not

equal

equal to the Baron's, yet his heart beat high with the thoughts of revenge; and the idea of assassinating his more fortunate rival gave an artificial degree of ardour to his depraved mind.

Every artifice that invention could suggest, and every effort that money could make, was used, with the hope of discovering the fugitives, or tracing the route which they pursued. The moment the Baron arrived in England, he flew to St. Leger's father's house; and, after accusing his son of the most disgraceful conduct, peremptorily demanded where he was to be found.

Petrified at an account so wholly unexpected, and shocked at the unworthy behaviour of his son, the old gentleman declared, that, from the present moment, he would never consider St. Leger as his child.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, in an agony of affliction, "how are my flattering visions fled! I had placed him in a station, where I thought his rising abilities would have conferred a dignity upon his father's name;---but, alas! my hopes are crushed and blasted, and I see my son loaded with infamy and disgrace!——To have resigned a post of such honour and importance, without the least intimation of his design, is in itself an act that must stigmatize his character, and fill his father's breast with shame! Yet, this is but a small portion of his iniquity; for he has basely robbed a parent of his child, and, whilst receiving marks of hospitality and friendship, cruelly meditated the destruction of his peace!"

The marks of unfeigned anguish and regret which accompanied these words, convinced the Baron that the father of St. Leger was totally unacquainted with his son's designs; and they mutually sympathized in each other's affliction, though they were unable to form a plan by which it might be redressed. Advertisements, however, were inserted in all the papers, and immense rewards offered to those who should discover where they were conceal-

ed; but no intelligence of the fugitives could be procured, and the Baron returned home the victim of despair.

The Duke was equally unsuccessful in his enquiries, and all hopes of a discovery began to subside. The Baroness alone was acquainted with the place of their retreat, which was in one of the most remote parts of the empire, where they remained until necessity compelled them to go to England, in the hope of being able to find some method of support.

St. Leger, during the period of his concealment, had repeatedly applied to his father for aid, and described the motive which had actuated him to resign a station so productive of honour and wealth. To these letters he never received a reply, as the Baron had poisoned the old man's mind; and he considered him as one who had disgraced his connexions, and brought himself to infamy and shame. Though his heart was agonized by his father's negligence, yet he thought it possible that the letters might not have reached his hands: he, therefore, resolved to set out for England, and personally try to make his peace.

As his tenderness for the lovely Matilda increased, he was tortured at seeing to what she was reduced; and hourly regretted that a selfish gratification should have induced him to engage her susceptible heart.

Nothing material occurred until their arrival in England, when St. Leger instantly hastened to his parental abode; but those doors which had hitherto flown open for his reception, he fatally found were for ever closed!—— In vain the wretched wanderer implored admission, and entreated the porter to allow him to enter the house; for, though the poor fellow sympathized in his sufferings, he dared not disobey the orders he had received.

Tremblingly alive to every soft emotion, and loving and venerating a father's name, the unfortunate St. Leger returned to his humble dwelling, oppressed with sorrow, and agonized with grief! Fain would he have concealed the source of his affliction from the darling object who innocently

cently caused it to flow; but she too plainly perceived that some new misfortune had taken possession of his generous heart, and, urged by a thousand fond persuasions, he at length disclosed the occasion of his grief; and, after writing another supplicatory letter to his father, his mind became more composed and resigned. Short and transitory were these sensations, for the letter was returned unperused, and St. Leger's hopes of succour and assistance from the author of his being entirely fled!

Though he could no longer rely upon the protection of a parent, yet his mind was struck with the conviction that he could support himself; and he resolved, that moment, to drop the name of St. Leger, and adopt one by which he could not be known. His thorough knowledge of the dead and living languages rendered him completely calculated for a literary life; and his translations were thought so completely elegant, that he soon acquired an uncommon degree of fame. Thus occupied in endeavouring to support his Matilda, and preventing her from wanting the comforts of life, his mind became reconciled to the change of situation, and he seldom reverted to former days.

Far different were the sensations of the ill-fated Matilda, whose heart became a stranger to composure and peace. St. Leger's misfortunes she considered as a punishment for her disobedience, and she was eternally bewailing the commission of the crime. In vain St. Leger tried to conquer this dejection, and pour the balm of comfort into her afflicted mind. She accused herself of being the cause of his calamities, and was inconsolable, though blest with his tenderness and love.

At the commencement of this history the affectionate husband was trying to reconcile the object of his adoration to her fate, when his endearing arguments were suddenly interrupted by a loud knocking at the street door. ——A sudden scream from Matilda's faithful attendant instantly roused the attached pair, and, before they had time

to enquire into the occasion of it, Matilda was encircled in her mother's arms!

"My beloved mother!"——"My adored child!"---was the only language they were able to repeat; and, whilst St. Leger witnessed the affecting interview, big drops of sympathy rolled down his manly face.——The sable appearance of the Baroness's apparel convinced Matilda that the Baron was no longer alive; and the idea that she merely inherited his curse gave the most agonizing sensations to her susceptible mind.

The Baroness, perceiving that some violent emotion agitated the bosom of her darling child, besought her to disclose the cause of her affliction, and not suffer it to prey upon her gentle heart.

"Oh! my beloved mother!" said the agonized Matilda, whilst to Heaven she raised her expressive eyes, "I tremble under a father's malediction, knowing too well that it cannot be revoked!"

"It is---it is, my beloved Matilda!" replied the Baroness, again pressing the object of her affection to her heart.——"I am empowered to bring to you the blessing, which he imparted with his dying breath!"

"Dear sounds of comfort!" exclaimed Matilda, involuntarily falling on her knees.——"My God, I thank thee for this unhoped-for blessing!---Thou, only, knowest the joy it brings my heart!"

As soon as her spirits were a little more composed, the Baroness informed her, that, for some months previous to his illness, the Baron had ceased to name her in reproachful terms; and that, as soon as he was made acquainted with the dangerous nature of his indisposition, he sent for a notary to make his will; and, to prove that he no longer harboured the least resentment against his child, left her the whole of his immense estates, chargeable only with a handsome jointure during the remainder of the Baroness's life.

"And

"And of you, my dear St. Leger," continued the amiable woman, "he conjured me to implore forgiveness for the injury he may have done you in your father's esteem; but I am well aware that the generosity of your nature will not suffer you to indulge resentment towards the dead."

The sudden change which a few hours had made in the minds and situation of this amiable pair, can only be conceived by those who have experienced somewhat similar in the vicissitudes of their own fate.

The moment the Baroness was made acquainted with St. Leger's father's conduct, she ordered her carriage, and drove to his house, when, by a faithful relation of the circumstances attendant upon his marriage, she gave a new turn to every feeling of his mind; and he entreated her to convey him to his injured Edward, that he might endeavour to atone for what was passed, and by his future affection make some compensation for the cruelty and injustice with which he had been used.

School of Arts.

NO. XXIV.

Permanent black ink to write upon stuffs and linen, which will not wash out.

BRUISE on a stone one ounce of gall-nuts, and put it in a pint of strong white wine vinegar on the fire, with two ounces of iron filings. Evaporate away about one half of the liquor in boiling it gently; strain the remainder, and keep it for use.

It would not be improper to add a little gum-arabic to the above composition.

THEA-

THEATRICALS, &c.

DRURY LANE.

Oct. 21. "WILMORE CASTLE," a New Musical Entertainment, by Dr. Houlton, was performed for the first time, with very indifferent success.

28. Mrs. TAYLOR, from a Provincial Theatre, appeared for the first time, with some applause, as *Alice*, in *The Castle Spectre*; and *Miss Harlow*, in *The Old Maid*.

30. "VIRGINIA," a New Opera, by Mrs. Plowden, was presented; but so unfavourably received, that the Author withdrew it the same evening.

Mr. PURSER, from the Margate Theatre, made his first appearance, as *Old Philpot*, in *The Citizen*, with much approbation.

COVENT GARDEN.

Oct. 24. MISS LASCELLES made her *debût*, as *Clarinda*, in *The Suspicious Husband*; but did not display any extraordinary talent.

31. Mr. COOKE, from the Dublin Boards, appeared here for the first time, as *King Richard the Third*, and met with great and deserved applause. He is a very valuable acquisition to this Company.

Nov. 1. A New Comedy, by Mr. Reynolds, called "LIFE," was performed for the first time with unanimous approbation, and has since become very popular.*

10. *Miss Murray*, of whose abilities we have witnessed the dawn and progress with great pleasure, undertook, for the first time, the character of *Portia*, in *The Merchant of Venice*, which she performed in a manner that evinced taste and judgment even beyond her years, but which have, no doubt, been carefully cultivated by her father, who is himself one of the most correct and intelligent performers on the English stage. Much has been said (and somewhat il-

* Want of room prevents our giving the Fable of this interesting Comedy in the present Number.

liberally,

liberally, too) of the youth and *petite* person of Miss Murray, as being not proper to the character; but may not this idea have arisen from the Public having been so long accustomed to see ladies of "larger growth" perform the part; as, the late Mrs. Yates, Miss Young, Mrs. Powell, and Mrs. Siddons? This appears to be the true ground of the objection; for, Shakspeare has put such words into the mouth of Portia, as shew, that, when he wrote, he had an eye to a performer of nearly the age and size of Miss Murray: we shall confine our proofs to the few following quotations:

"By my troth, Nerissa, my *little body* is a-weary of this great world." Act 1, Scene 2.

——"An unlesson'd *girl*, unschool'd,
unpractis'd,
Happy in this,---*she is not yet so old*
but she may learn;——
——her *gentle spirit*
Commits itself to your's to be directed."
Act 3, Scene 2.

——"I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparelled like *young men*,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
——And speak *with a reed voice*:——
——That men shall swear *I've discontinued school*
Above a twelvemonth."
Act 3, Scene 4.

Miss Murray obtained the general applause of the audience, and richly deserved it. We think she bids fair to be a distinguished ornament of her profession.

MR. PORTER'S GRAND HISTORICAL PICTURE AT THE LYCEUM

Has been shut from the Public for a few days, for the purpose of making a new arrangement, by which the *coup d'œil* has been very much improved. With this improvement, it was re-opened on the 9th of November, and still continues to attract crowds of admiring spectators.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. Bonnet, of green and royal blue Union striped velvet, trimmed with coquelicot ribbon, feather, and handkerchief. Checquered, or Burdett, handkerchief round the neck. Opera handkerchief, trimmed with fur. Round gown of printed muslin.

2. Robe of pink muslin, with long wrapping sleeves. Black Spencer mode cloak, with sleeves. De Camp hat, lined with scarlet or blue silk, turned up in the front.---In Morning Dresses, the Obi stocking and slipper, of a dark Mulatto colour, are much worn.

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

1. The Scots robe, made high in the neck, with long loose sleeves, and laced ruff, pointed and crimped. Small cap of white lace, or silver gauze, with rows of yellow and scarlet beads, and high feathers. Coral necklace.

2. White muslin robe, with long twisting sleeves, clasped down at the bosom with a gold buckle, the belt fastened with the military clasp; two lions' heads connected by a serpent. Chip hat, scolloped out at the sides, and turned up before and behind with scarlet velvet; no crown to it, the hair appearing through the top. Two high feathers, blue enamelled necklace and ear-rings.

Garlands of roses are worn in Full Dress round the hair, as a bandeau.

Long silk shawls of plaid, fastened with a gold clasp in the middle, and the ends loose, are much worn.

Pelisses of sarsenet, or other silk, are very general.

The most fashionable colours are, scarlet, blue, yellow, and pea green.

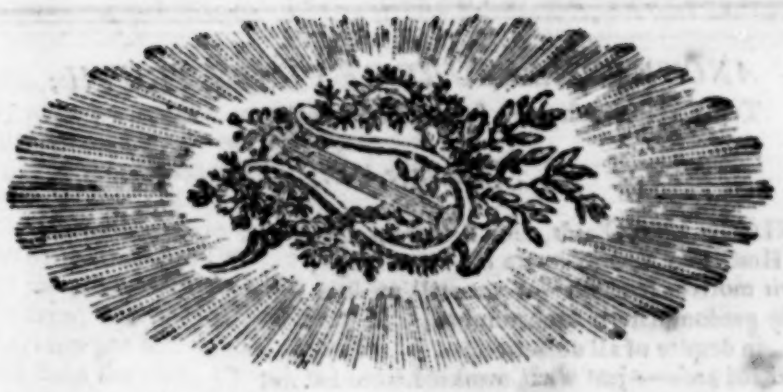
The

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT

Morning Dress for Dec.r 1800.

Afternoon Dress for Dec.r 1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT.



The Apollonian Wreath.

STANZAS

On a young Lady, who, being with a fishing party, retired into a wood; where, followed by a Gentleman, they were both stung, at the same time, by two Gnats.

SOFT zephyrs fan the balmy air,
And sweetest breezes bring;
While angling swains, and ladies fair,
Their silken meshes fling.

Sighing with heat, bright Delia tries
To seek some cooling shade;
After the Nymph young Damon flies,
To find the fainting maid.

To Love's dire god the spot belongs,
He guards the sleeping Fair;
And, as the angler speeds along,
He calls an insect pair.

Soft, as the panting youth draws near,
To steal a look of bliss,
One vagrant Gnat, on Delia's ear,
Imprints his venom'd kiss.

Starting, she wakes, and shrieks aloud,
While t'other Gnat, for shame,
Dives his deep sting in Damon's blood,
But barb'd with Cupid's flame!

ALONZO.

ANOTHER

ANOTHER LECTURE OF PLAIN TRUTH;

Too plain, perchance, for Age or Youth!

[*See Page* 413.]

INDIGNANT Bards, in a licentious age,
Hostile to Vice, dictate the moral page;
Their motives laudable——yet still we find
Folly predominate in human mind;
For, in despite of all didactic lore,
Mankind are——just what mankind were before!
Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses' train,
Stung by that scorpion, female vice—Disdain,
Could not from warm remonstrances refrain.
Rashly I now resume the thankless task
To strip Delusion of her treach'rous mask:
Rash, to suppose the thoughtless would believe
Warnings of dangers that they don't perceive;
Rash, to imagine feeble pens can paint
To ardent minds the prudence of restraint!
Prompted, by warm but unavailing zeal,
To reason, when the passions bid to feel.
But tho' gay crowds all monitors deride,
The modest thinking few deserve a guide:
The gentle Sex are worth our utmost care,
To make those wise whom Nature forms so fair.

Oh! cruel parents, to raise expectations
In inexperienc'd minds, beyond their stations;
So confidently, as not once to think
What's to take place at disappointment's brink!
In lotteries, no man, reputed wise,
Ventures too deep, presuming on a prize:
Who hazards *all* upon a single chance,
From frenzy acts, or stupid ignorance.
By-standers, who see most of what is doing,
Yet see some blindly rush on certain ruin;
When all the care that should success insure,
Can't in life's lottery a prize secure.

When you can fix a daughter well in life,
Easy, if single——portion'd, as a wife;
Accomplishments and dress may then take place,
Become her station, and her fortune grace:

But,

But, to give gracefulness its due effect,
It must with useful qualities connect.
Dancing with elegance we all admire;
Yet linen well attended to, require;
French, or Italian, to advantage shew,
But a close eye is to her household due:
What boots it that her music is bewitching,
If the performer never sees her kitchen?
If dress, cards, visitings, engross the day,
Servants are left to waste, destroy, and prey.
Ill fares the man, by evil stars supplied
With such a stately, high-condition'd bride;
Ill fare the children, when they both combine
All they possess and hope to undermine!
Women above economy and care,
Are sometimes driv'n to both before aware:
Yet when, 'twixt deals, small wit takes up the game,
All hunt and laugh economy to shame.

A maiden, often, with no dower in hope,
Is left with an unfeeling world to cope:
Hard case, without resource of worldly pelf,
Unless she find resources in herself.
But various are the species of resources,
Some point to prudent—some to desp'rate courses:
The charge is great,—such maiden so to train
That she may work her way without a stain.

Appearances, perhaps, may promise more
Than in your coffers will be found in store:
Your circumstances limited and strait,
A small annuity, or life estate;
A business so confin'd, that, tho' discreet,
Profits not more than all your charges meet;
Enough for credit, yet, with prudent care,
Little enough when Pride usurps a share.
If so, do not fair innocence beguile—
Indulge no daughter in too gay a style:
Boarding-school maxims, founded on romance,
Her welfare risk on *one* precarious chance:
If in these venal times that one should fail,
What will pretensions—what will dress avail?
Will she to work or servitude descend?
Not if her face more flatt'ring schemes befriend.
Can it console you,—that her fate's suspended
From taking place until your course is ended?

And that, whatever after she endures,
Tho' your's the fault, no suff'ring will be your's?
Yet such must be your reas'ning, to entice
Your heedless daughter to a precipice;
There to exhibit her a child of pride,
And there to leave her, let what will betide!
If no kind hand, then, lead her gently back—
If she revolt against the prudent track—
If once from paths of rectitude she stray,
Credit, and good connexions, all give way!
Unpitied poverty, obscure distress,
Soon overwhelm a life of foolishness—
Of childish folly—by her parent fed,
With dire disgrace and ruin on her head!
If you believe *(and teach)* a life to come,
How will you face her at the day of doom?
Should ruin'd daughters then plead education,
Can parents plead compliances with *fashion?*
Think, then, betimes, what to your child is due;
Make her both useful to herself and you;
Call back the wand'rings of a giddy head
To Fairy land, by wild chimeras led:
To some employment let her views extend,
Nor meanly on cold charity depend.
God keep all those who aim at worthy ends
Above th' allowances of ANY friends.
Domestic arts and management to know,
Once gain'd, will into easy habit grow.
To furnish well your table, be her care,
How she should spend, and what she ought to spare.
In your concerns expert and frugal grown,
She's qualified to undertake her own:
Arm'd at all points, come fortune bad or good,
This to conduct, and that to be withstood.

We sometimes see a decent fortune made
By vulgar persons in a vulgar trade,
Who wish to keep good company, but fear
To let their own deficiencies appear;
Or, weigh'd with gold, all other merit spurn,
Excite disgust, and take it in return.
What for themselves they feel they cannot gain,
The comfort is,—their children may attain.
Tom's sent to school——condemn'd, poor lad, to hammer
Hard words, or harder rules, in Latin grammar;

His

His mem'ry loaded, with some time and cost,
He's bound apprentice, and the whole is lost.
Both parents, of mean habits much afraid,
Instead of checks, his indiscretions aid,
And form their son for pleasure more than trade.
A splendid shop he opens; keeps his horse;
A mistress follows, as a thing of course.
Half gentleman, half tradesman, in two years,
Behold, in the Gazette his name appears!
A novice first, he profits by mistake,
And calculates, in future——how to break:
Once in the line of fraud, he'll scarcely alter;
So flounders on, perchance to earn—a halter.

In youth, imagination works so strong,
Wholesome restraints to friendly hands belong:
You, then, who found the benefits of thrift,
Why, why without it turn your sons adrift?

But, some gentility at home to see,
Their sturdy daughter must a lady be!
Where is the mind so callous, not to feel
Some fascination in the term—*genteel!*
Ap'd, but ill understood, in common stations;
And hence burlesqu'd by endless affectations:
When that demeanour, always sure to please,
Is but——good sense and manners—perfectly at ease.
The doating mother, coarse in all her ways,
Poisons her op'ning mind with silly praise.
On her soft skin wind must not rudely blow;
By work her hands and arms would clumsy grow;
And hair's breadth lines point out *genteel* from *low!*
A woman thus, inur'd herself to toil,
Will, by indulgence, mind and body spoil.
But, not as yet sufficiently a fool,
She's sent to finish at a Boarding-school;
All useful qualities to cast aside,
Exchang'd for flippant airs of upstart pride;
Mean to superiors, countenance to gain;
To all beside, shy, insolent, and vain:
Idle, extravagant, in tawdry guise,
She but returns—her parents to despise!
Poor souls! with awe they yield to all she says,
And at her taste with admiration gaze;
Yet with reluctance give up home-spun ways.
Tir'd out, at length the charm begins to break——
They see, and feel, to make their old hearts ach.

Learn, then, aspirers, not to play the fool,
Nor quit your spheres to furnish ridicule.

Young minds are modell'd by parental care;
The parents, therefore, make them what they are:
'Tis hard to judge, which has the worst effect—
Badly to teach, or absolute neglect!
Fondness and pride are rocks on which they split,
And, when too late, regret the want of wit.
'Tis strange that women seldom learn to think
Before Misfortune's bitter cup they drink;
Still stranger, that, with quick-discerning eyes,
The fates of some should not make others wise!

Q. E. D.

A FRENCH EPIGRAM IMITATED.

SO!---you must have it back, you cry:——
That fickle heart you freely gave me;
I have not gambled it, believe me;
Nor sold what none, be sure, would buy:
No, foolish girl!---more kind was I.

E'en now my tender-throbbing breast,
Trembling, thy truant heart secures;
While mine so clings about its guest,
I swear I can't tell which is your's!

L. L.

INGREDIENTS WHICH COMPOSE MODERN LOVE.

TWENTY glances, twenty tears,
Twenty hopes, and twenty fears,
Twenty times assail your door,
And, if denied, come *twenty more!*
Twenty letters, perfum'd sweet,
Twenty nods in every street.
Twenty oaths, and twenty lies,
Twenty smiles, and *twenty sighs*;
Twenty times, in jealous rage,
Twenty beauties to engage.

Twenty

Twenty tales, to whisper low,
Twenty *billet doux*, to shew;
Twenty times a day, to pass
Before a flatt'ring *looking-glass!*
Twenty times to stop your coach,
With twenty words of fond reproach;
Twenty days of keen vexations,
Twenty---OPERA assignations.
Twenty nights, behind the scenes,
To dangle after mimic queens;
Twenty times down *Rotten Row*,
With twenty *painted hags* to go;
Twenty such lovers may be found,
Sighing for---*twenty thousand pounds!*
But, take my word, ye Girls of *sense*,
You'll find them *not worth* TWENTY PENCE!

T. B.

CUPID AND VENUS.

OFTEN in Laura's breast I strove
To plunge a dart quite full of love;
The dart (so stubborn is the Fair)
Repell'd as oft——was lost in air!
Tell me, sweet mother, tell me why,
Laura can thus my pow'r defy.

To Venus, thus young Cupid cried;
To him, the Goddess thus replied:——

Have you not seen a castle, boy,
Elastic, hung with woolpacks round,
The cannon's wonted rage defy,
And make the threat'ning ball rebound?---
Thus, when you shoot at Laura's heart,
Her springy bosom turns the dart!

Northampton, Nov. 1800.

NIBBLER.

SOLUTIONS OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.—Pen-knife.
.....II.—Part-ake.
Paradox. —— Heat and Cold.

NEW CHARADES.

MY First I beg leave to present
As a number, that's perfectly known;
But it is not the author's intent
That its station in life should be shewn.

To the Muses it may be allied,
Or to the three Graces pertain;
A decimal may have supplied
The thing that is form'd in my brain.

My Second's composed of wire,
And is meant to confine and restrain;
Yet ladies, who freedom desire,
Never ask its assistance in vain.

My Whole is a game, to delight
Both children and men, when they're gay;
When in Cancer the Sun shineth bright,
You may frequently see both at play.

CHARADE II.

MY First is bleak, barren, and bare,
No verdure upon it is seen;
Again, I beg leave to declare,
It resides where the pastures are green.

'Tis endow'd with reflection and thought,
And gifted with feeling and sense;
Yet to our disgrace may be bought,
As if it were callous and dense.

My Second's a bird, that is prone
To domesticate near our abode;
And my Whole in the Fens is well known,
As it never flies out of that road.

To Correspondents, &c.

THE Female Mentor, S. W., Constantia, a Tale, *and several Poetical Contributions, are intended for the Commencement of our next Volume.*

Several Favours have been received, whose length, *and not their demerits, will preclude them from insertion.*

INDEX

BRITISH MUSEUM 3 49 OCT

INDEX

TO THE ESSAYS, ANECDOTES, &c. IN THE FIFTH VOLUME.

A.

Abelard and Eloisa, recent particulars respecting them, 395
Ackland, Lady Harriot, memoirs of, 85
Alaida, an Oriental tale, 339
Albina, her story, 172
Amiable Soldier, 219
Ancient times compared with modern, 207
Animal world, thoughts on, by the late Sir William Jones, 68
Ape, a fable, 311

B.

Bloomfield, Robert (the Farmer's Boy), extract from his poem, 116
——— Remarkable anecdote of, 147
Bugs, how to destroy, 235

C.

Cabinet of Fashion, 72, 156, 240, 324, 408, 490
Carpet, new pattern for one in fancy-work, 253
Castle De Warrenne, a romance, 17, 97, 181, 265, 349, 433
Celibacy, essay on, 37, 134
Children, mothers ought always to suckle their own, 464
Churchyard meditations, 399
Clælius, on matrimony, 380
Companion, female, singular invitation to, 309
Constancy, female, 396
Correspondents, acknowledgments to, 84, 168, 252, 336, 420, 498
Cosway, Mrs., memoirs of, 337
Courage, female, 398
Curiosities, natural, 264

D.

Dangerous woman, 371
Deism, refutation of, 216
Detraction, 373
Domestic life, pleasures of, 206
Dress, female, remarks on, 303, 446

E.

Effeminacy of the age, 230
Elizabeth, Queen of England, account of, 56
Envy, essay on, 198
Escapes, remarkable, 310
Est, Cardinal of, his generous conduct, 5

F.

Fanny Forward, her complaint, 227
Fashions, exhortation to the votaries of, 89, 385, 387
Filial affection, 219
Friends, on the loss of, 127
Fruits, how to keep them good a whole year, 69, 150

G.

Garrulity, female, satirized, 208
Generous host, 5
Germany, character of Maria Theresa, Empress of, 261

Gloucester,

Gloucester, Princess Sophia Matilda, portrait of, 233
Grace and Beauty, 402

H.

Habits defined, 5
Helvetius, Madame, anecdotes of, 306
Henley, a tale, 169, 285
Hope, essay on, 132
Humanity, female, 398

I.

Jane of Flanders, a dramatic romance, 48, 210, 293
Impostors, Chinese, 4
Industry and Perseverance, good effects of, 204
Inglis, Esther, memoirs of, 390
Inspector, No. III. 257, IV. 343. Letter to, 392. V. 455
Invisible Female, 120

K.

Kauffman, Angelica, memoirs of, 450

L.

Leeds, anecdote of the ancestors of the Duke of, 202
Legal love, anecdote of, 150
Linen cloth, how to whiten, 150
Linwood, Miss, memoirs of, 1
Lottery for a husband proposed, 472
Love, hopeless, letter on, 41; and friendship compared, 209. Desultory thoughts on, 470
Lyceum, Mr. Porter's exhibition there, 71, 489

M.

Marriage, essay on, 37, 134. Letter of Hymenæus on, 64, 380. Singular case of, 447. On what principles it should be contracted, 467
Memorandum book, extracts from a lady's, 8
Milliner's shop, 124
Montagu, Mrs., anecdotes of, 304, 421
More, Miss, her female institutions, 465
Mothers, hints to those who do not nurse their own offspring, 96
Moths, how to destroy, 69

N.

Neera, story of, 62
Novel-writers, hints to, 215

O.

Obligations, on the delicacy requisite in conferring them, 203, 384
Old bachelor, letter from, 369
Old Woman, No. XXV. 7. Letter to, 13. XXVI. 89, XXVII. 172. Letter to, 176. XXVIII. 254. XXIX. 339. XXX. 425.

P.

Painter, an allegory, 130
Paradox, 419
Parisian ladies, manners of, 234
Pembroke, Countess of, a memoir, 225
Phenomena, natural, 401
Philips, Mrs. Katharine, memoirs of, 461
Pickle, Indian, how to make, 321
Poet and Rose, 131
Poetry, effects of, 396
Politicians, female, 313
Poor, on the want of compassion for, 204
Potatoes, on the method of boiling, 405
Poverty and Sentiment, 129
Proverb, a German one, 60
Prudent Governess, 314
Puppyism, instance of, 224

R.

Raleigh, Sir Walter, letter from, to King James, 347
Rectitude, melancholy consequence of one deviation from, 471
Rhapsodia, a character, 44. Remarks on, 93

S.

Saint Leger, a tale, 177, 359, 479

Sailor

BRITISH MUSEUM 1753 OCT 49

Sailor Boy, a fragment, 46
School of Arts, No. XIX. 69, XX. 150, XXI. 235, XXII. 321, XXIII. 405, XXIV. 487
Seduction, on the crime of, 61, 125, 127
Servants, answer to Mrs. Saveall's complaint against, 34
Seymour, Lady Arabella, memoirs of, 140
Sir Edwin, a fragment, 228
Society, duties which we owe to, 222
Stage-coach, a fragment, 375
Sterne, a passage in his Sentimental Journey illustrated, 47
Sturt, Mr., his providential deliverance from shipwreck, 472
Swallows, curious fact in the natural history of, 431
Swan, Mr. James, letter from, to Capel Lofft, Esq. on the subject of "The Farmer's Boy," 145
Synonymy, mistaken effects of, 319

T.

Theatricals, 70, 151, 236, 322, 406, 488
Truth, evils attendant on a disregard of, 367

U.

Village Gossip, No. I. 443
Volition, instance of the failure of, 149

W.

Warfare, universal, 388
Widow bewitched, letter from, 13
Women, on their condition under Republican Governments, 66

INDEX

TO THE POETRY.

A.

"Adeste Fideles" translated, 328
Aurora, Ode to, 241

B.

Birth-day, to a Lady on, 158, 166

C.

Castle, sonnet to a ruinous one, 416
Chaplet, 161
Charades and Solutions, 83, 100, 250, 334, 418, 497, 498
Cl**ke, Miss, Lines to, 329
Cupid and the young Fowler, 330
——— Venus, 497

E.

Ear-rings, lines sent with a pair, 248
Edwy and Elgiva, 325
Elegiac Stanzas to Mary, 245
Elwyn and Jessy, 409
Epigrams, 243, 418, 496
Evening Star, sonnet to, 416

F.

Friend, distressed, stanzas to, 328

G.

Gaze, la, 333. Imitated, 417

I.

Indifference, 333
Impromptu to a lady's eyes, 243

K.

[illegible] recovery of his voice, 247
Kiss, 164

L.

L——f—t, Miss Jane, lines on seeing her at church, 82
Little Mary's tomb, 248

M.

Maniac, female, a sonnet, 332
Mary, stanzas to, 167, 245. Sonnets to, 246
May-sprig, 157

Modern

Modern love, its ingredients, 496
Monody on the death of Mr. Jackson, of the Norwich Theatre, 79
Montagu, Mrs., to the memory of, 412
Mort de ma Maitresse, 160
Music, 163

O.

Ode for his Majesty's birth-day, 77
Orphan boy's tale, 81

P.

Parsonage-house, 166
Phillis, a pastoral, 74
Plain-truth, 413, 492
Poor Marguerite, 243

R.

Rainy-day, 165
Riddle, 335
Rivals, an elegiac poem, 75
Rose, lines to one, 159. Rose-bud, 242
Rural life, 162

S.

Second thoughts best, 330
Simplicity, lines to, 164
Solitary reflections, 249
Songs, 73, 78
Stanzas on a lady and gentleman being stung by two gnats, 491
Summer Scenery, by the Farmer's Boy, 116

U.

Valetudinarian's invocation, 249

W.

Wish, 250
Worn-out Mariner, 331.

FINIS.